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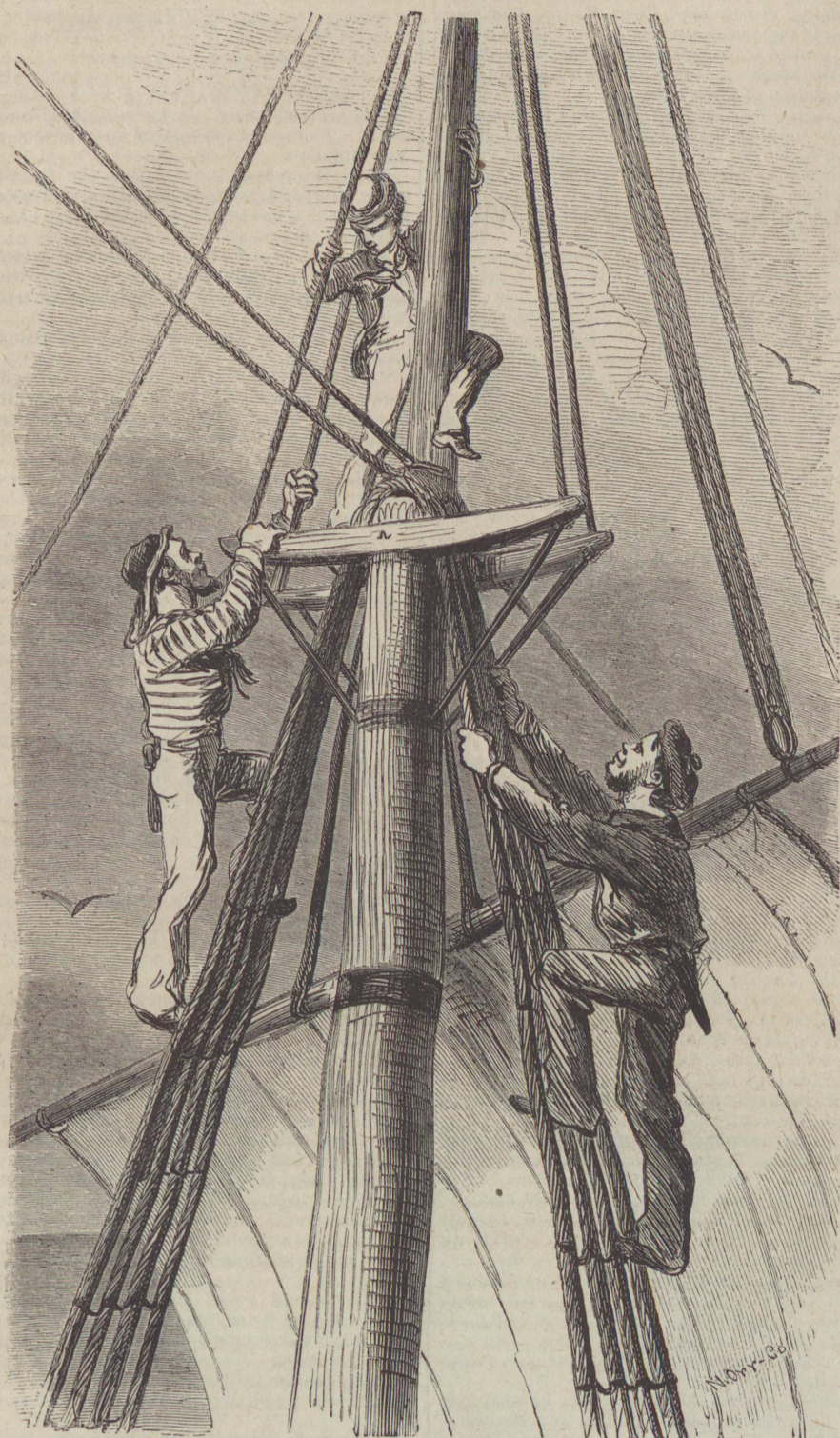
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"Catch me if you can, slow-coach!" he shouted.

## LANCE AND LASSO; OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE CHACO.

A TALE OF FOUR BOYS' SUMMER VACATION ON THE PAMPAS OF BUENOS AYRES.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

### CHAPTER I. THE FOUR COMRADES.

FOUR lads, ranging from fourteen to seventeen years of age, were sitting on their trunks in one of the dormitories of the Tusculum Military Academy, discussing a grave project.

"Now, fellows," said Jack Curtis, the eldest but one, "you know to-morrow's our last day in school. Two of us are going away for good and all from the old shebang, and won't eat any more of old Wolcott's spider puddings. Now, why can't you two other fellows get your folks to send you with us? It'll be prime fun, you bet! and if you must come back to school at the end of the holidays, at least you'll have a better time than you ever had before. Manuel's father says he'd like to take the whole school with him. My father says I can go, and I guess we can get your folks to consent. What d'ye say?"

"My father wouldn't let me," sighed Louis Ledoux, the little black-eyed, curly-headed Louisianian. (The boys all called him "Kitty," from his soft ways and delicate face.) "He says I'm not strong enough; and mother declares she'll keep me home till I'm twenty. Hey! fellows, isn't it a shame? Guess I'll run away, when you fellows go."

Tom Bullard, who was whittling out a boat with his knife, looked up. The boys all called him "Plug."

"You hain't got spunk enough, Kitty," he remarked, dryly. "As for me, I hain't got no one to kear what I do, and I'm a-goin' with Manuel and Jack. If my uncle hears of it, guess he'll be glad to let me go. T'won't cost him much. But this runnin' away ain't what it's cracked up to be. What a lammin' the old feller give me once, for tryin' it on!"

Tom Bullard was a Western boy, an orphan, in charge of an uncle, who owned a great "ranch" in Southern Kansas.

Tom had learned to ride almost before he could remember, and his greatest trial at

school was having no horse, for, like all boys, he loved a horse. He was rather short, but very broad and sturdy. He was a quiet fellow, too; he seldom heard of his fighting. But, for all that, he was feared by the bullies of the school, none of whom liked to meddle with "Plug." Of course there was a reason for this. No boy ever gets feared by a bully without having done something to deserve it; and Plug's reputation dated from his celebrated battle with "Dutchy."

Now, "Dutchy" was a big, overgrown lout of a boy, of German parents. His real name was Charley Alker, and he was in the habit of bullying the smaller boys unmercifully, being stronger than they. A boy who does that generally turns out to be a coward, when he is set on by his equals; and so it proved with Charley Alker.

One day Tom heard a great noise, and found "Dutchy" beating little Louis Ledoux with a base-ball bat, while poor "Kitty" was crying bitterly. Without a single word, "Plug" flew at Alker, who was a head taller than himself, snatched the bat from him, threw it away, and then "sailed into Dutchy," rough-and-tumble fashion. Before Alker knew where he was, the Western lad had him on his back, and punished him in such style that "Dutchy" was compelled to scream for mercy.

That was Tom's first and last battle, and so badly was Alker beaten that he had to be put to bed for a week. After that, every bully fought shy of old "Plug." "Kitty" Ledoux, for his part, absolutely adored him, from the day of the battle.

Manuel Garcia was the eldest of the group. The boys called him "Father Wiseman," on account of his grave ways. Manuel was head boy of the school, and was nearly six feet high at eighteen. He had a dark, handsome face, with black eyes, and his mustache was just beginning to sprout, which rendered him an object of great envy to Jack Curtis, who was seventeen. Jack also had a little down on his

upper lip, but it was so light in color that no one noticed it, although Jack did his best to call attention to it by constantly caressing the few hairs that he called a mustache. Manuel's mustache, on the other hand, was undeniable, and he was obliged to shave his chin three times a week, whereas Jack hardly dared to go to the barber's, for fear of being laughed at.

Manuel was the son of a rich Spanish gentleman. He was born in New York, and was, therefore, much more of an American than a Spaniard. Don Luis Garcia, his father, after making considerable money in the South American trade, had settled in Buenos Ayres, where he had bought an immense *estancia*, or grazing farm, upon which were thousands of cattle and horses. Every year Don Luis dispatched cargoes of hides and tallow to New York, frequently coming on himself to superintend the sales. Jack Curtis' father was his New York agent, and at the time we open our story, Don Luis was in New York at Mr. Curtis' house, preparing to return to Buenos Ayres. It being so close to the holidays, and Manuel and Jack being about to leave school for good, Don Luis had given his son permission to invite as many of his schoolmates as could come on a trip to Buenos Ayres, and hence the discussion going on in Dormitory No. 17, Tusculum Military Academy.

Jack Curtis was a strong, well-grown lad, full of fun and frolic, and always in scrapes. He was forever sticking crooked pins in Dr. Wolcott's chair, putting mice in the old gentleman's desk to see him start when they jumped out, and all such tricks, for every one of which he was regularly lectured by the Doctor. In fact, all or nearly all the mischief that was done in the school was laid on Jack's shoulders, and he was so perpetually in trouble that he had acquired from every one the name of "Pickle." During the last few weeks, however, Jack had been much quieter. The idea of leaving school, and becoming a man, had toned him down. For at least a fortnight "Pickle" had not been in any trouble.

As for "Kitty" Ledoux, he was too gentle and good to get into disgrace, even at Tusculum, which had the reputation of being the strictest school on the Hudson. It was called a "Military Academy," because the boys dressed in uniform, and were drilled in the movements of soldiers.

"I'll tell you what to do, Kitty," said Manuel Garcia, speaking for the first time. "Your father and mine are well acquainted in business, and I'll get mine to intercede for you, to let you come with us."

"Why should not we all write a letter?" suggested Curtis. "We'll make a regular round robin of it, like the sailors do, and get my father to send a letter along with it."

"Pickle's right," said Bullard, quietly. "Let's get it up at once."

It doesn't take boys long to come to a conclusion. "Kitty" jumped up from his trunk, opened it, and produced the pretty little writing-desk, his mother's gift, which he had kept uninjured, when all the other fellows had smashed theirs. "Now, fellows," he said, "how shall we begin?"

"Write what I tell you," said Garcia, "and you'll see I'll bring you out all right. Begin—my dear father—"

"But ain't we all going to write together?" suggested "Kitty." "He ain't your father, you know."

"Go on," said Garcia. "Didn't I tell you I'd bring you out all right?"

So Kitty wrote as he told:

"My dear father," dictated Garcia, "to-morrow begins the holidays, and I have an invitation to spend them with my room-mate, Manuel Garcia, whose father, you know, is Don Luis Garcia, of Buenos Ayres. Manuel has asked several other fellows, and their fathers all say they may go. Please let me go too, father. Manuel says I can have all the horses I want, and he'll teach me how to ride, and it shan't cost me anything, because we're to go on his father's ship, and stay at their place, outside of Buenos Ayres. Give my best love to mother, and believe me, your affectionate son, LOUIS LEDOUX."

"He'll never let me go on that," said Louis, doubtfully.

"Where were you to spend the holidays?" asked Bullard, suddenly.

"At Aunt Louisa's, in New York," answered the boy.

"Don't see why he should object," said Bullard, gruffly. "I'm not going to ask uncle John at all. I'm going to write and tell him I'm going from New York."

Bullard was a queer, independent boy. He and his uncle only saw each other at the summer holidays, when the uncle sent him money to take him out West to the ranch, and paid his school-bills through an agent in New York. At the shorter vacations, Bullard went to visit his different comrades, or staid in the school, with one or two other forlorn ones. He always traveled alone, and never came to harm.

"Kitty" was differently situated. He had relations in New York, as well as New Orleans, and his parents came to see him, generally at summer vacation. This year they had sent word that business detained Mr. Ledoux, and that Louis was to spend the vacation at his aunt Louisa's, which he hated to do, as there were no boys at her house. It was this more than anything that made him long to go with his friend Garcia.

"Give me the desk," said Garcia, suddenly. "I'll write a postscript."

He scribbled away for some minutes, and then remarked:

"How's this, boys? 'Mr. Manuel Garcia presents his compliments to Mr. Ledoux, and assures him that he will take just as good care of Louis as aunt Louisa, or any other man. He hopes Mr. Ledoux will let Louis go to the *estancia*, as it will do him good and make a man of him. MANUEL GARCIA.'"

"Now, Plug, you take a turn," remarked Garcia, handing the desk to Tom Bullard.

"Plug" took the desk, and wrote a few words, which he read aloud:

"Please let Kitty go with us. He's a good little fellow, and I'll take care of him. Yours truly, T. BULLARD."

"Good for you, Plug," said Curtis; now let me have a try: "Dear Sir: Tom Bullard, Garcia and I are going to Buenos Ayres next week, and we want Louis to go with us. We'll take good care of him, and bring him back safe if you'll only let him go. Yours very respectfully, JOHN CURTIS."

"Now, fellows," said Garcia, putting the letter into an envelop, "that's done, and I'll take it to the post, right off. To-night we'll have a rousing time, and to-morrow we'll bid farewell to cold hash, fishballs, snet pudding, stale pumpkin pies, and old Wolcott, altogether. I'll tell my father, when he comes, if ever he has another boy, never to send him to Tusculum, if he doesn't want him to eat flies and spiders, boiled up in the plum pudding. Good-by."

And Master Manuel went off down the passage, whistling.

### CHAPTER II.

#### HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.

A FEW days later, three of our four friends were seated together once more, but in a different place. It was in Mr. Curtis' parlor in New York. Mrs. Curtis was there, and Louis Ledoux's aunt Louisa, with Jack's sister, Ellen Curtis, and Louis' cousin, Mary Seaton, both young ladies of nearly eighteen.

Old "Plug" was not visible. He had gone out for a walk all by himself, in his usual independent style, and had not been seen since breakfast.

Manuel Garcia was talking to Mrs. Curtis, and Jack was very busy in a corner whispering with Mary Seaton. Poor "Kitty" was the only gloomy looking member of the party. He had not yet received an answer to his letter to his father, and began to fear he would not get the desired permission. His aunt Louisa and Ellen Curtis were both trying to comfort him, in different fashions.

"If I were you, Louis," said Mrs. Seaton, "I wouldn't be cast down about it. Even if your father won't let you go, you can have a nice time with us. Mary and I are going to Long Branch, and you can have all the sea-bathing you want. Indeed, I think it would be very dangerous to let you go away down among all the wild beasts in South America. You're not old enough, yet."

"I'm not afraid of wild beasts," said Louis, valiantly. "If I don't go with Plug and Pickle I don't want to go anywhere. So there," said Louis.

And "Kitty" looked as sulky as he was able to look. While they were talking, they heard the sound of a key turning in the hall door, and Ellen jumped up, exclaiming:

"There's papa, Louis! Who knows? Perhaps he has a letter for you."

Louis brightened up at this, and followed Ellen to the door and into the passage, where two gentlemen were hanging up their hats on the rack. One of them was a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a bald head and mutton chop whiskers. This was Mr. Curtis. The other was a tall and remarkably handsome gentleman, with a dark, sunburned face, and long, drooping mustache, as black as a coal. It did not need Ellen's cordial greeting to convince Louis that this was Manuel's father, Don Luis Garcia. "Kitty" had not yet seen him, for he had been at his aunt Louisa's since he left school, and Mrs. Seaton had discouraged his going to see his friends, as she did not believe that the elder Ledoux would let Louis go, and she did not want him to be disappointed by false hopes.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Curtis, kindly; "do you know this is Don Luis, your namesake? Don Luis, this is the little fellow that's so anxious to go with you to Buenos Ayres—Mr. Ledoux's son."

"And you are the 'Kitty' that Manuel and Jack so often talk about, are you?" said Don Luis, looking at "Kitty" with some interest.

"Well, my boy, don't you think that, you're almost too young to go all that distance alone? Suppose you were to fall sick, so far from home?"

"Oh, please, sir, I never get sick," said Louis, eagerly. "If father will only let me go, I shall be so happy."

"Well, then," said Mr. Curtis, smiling, "suppose I was to say that your father won't hear of it, what then?"

Louis did not answer. His heart was too full. He just turned away silently, with tears in his eyes, and sat down in the drawing-room by Ellen Curtis' side.

"Poor lad," said Don Luis, to Mr. Curtis, in a low voice; "you shouldn't have said that, Curtis. Now he'll have a crying time."

As they went into the drawing-room, Mrs. Curtis rose to welcome her husband, and Jack jumped up, crying:

"Hey, father, is Kitty to go with us yet? Poor little chap, he'll cry his eyes out if he don't."

Mr. Curtis made no answer immediately, till his wife rung for dinner, when he said:

"Boys, I had a letter from Mr. Ledoux today."

Up jumped Louis in a moment, all eagerness.

"Oh, please, Mr. Curtis, what did he say?" Don Luis Garcia turned round from where he was talking to Mrs. Seaton.

"Don't tease him any more, Curtis," he said, laughing. "Let him know, Louis, your father says that you can go, if I will be responsible for you. How is it, my boy—do you think that you will give me much trouble?"

Louis could hardly speak for joy.

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Garcia, I'll be so good,"

he stammered; then turning to Jack, cried: "Oh, Pickle, I'm going, I'm going!"

"But where is our young friend, Bullard?" asked Don Luis, as he looked round. "He's a peculiar boy, and I enjoy talking to him wonderfully. Where is he, Manuel?"

"He went out, saying he was going to see Mr. Bixby, and we've not seen him since."

"He's a very strange lad," remarked Mrs. Seaton, with a slight shiver. "I noticed him once playing with a huge knife, and asked him what he was doing. 'Practicin' how to slip it into a feller's in'ards,' he answered, in the most cold-blooded manner. I declare, Don Luis, I should feel afraid to trust him with the rest, he's such a queer, outlandish boy."

Don Luis laughed.

"Oh, he won't hurt his friends, madam. It's only his sense of humor that carries him away sometimes."

"Plug's the best-hearted fellow in the world," said "Kitty," indignantly. "I wonder you can talk that way, Aunt Louisa. Didn't he thrash Dutchy when he was lamming me with the base-ball bat? Plug is a regular brick. We wouldn't go if it wasn't for him."

"Dear me, dear me, Louis," said his aunt, holding up her hands, "where do you learn such language, I wonder? Who's Dutchy, and what do you mean by a regular brick?"

"Dutchy's big Charley Alker, and I guess you'd have called old Plug a brick if you'd seen him giving it to Dutch," said Louis, enthusiastically. "Why, aunt, he bunged up both his eyes so he couldn't see out of 'em, and most broke his left arm. I guess Master Dutch had to leave me alone after that whipping."

"Well, of all the boys!" said Aunt Louisa, with a sigh. "I wonder where you learned to talk so. I shall have to write to your father not to let you go away. I'm afraid that you'll get ruder than ever if you go to South America."

"No, I won't!" said Louis. "You'll see, I'll be as quiet as can be, once I get away from these girls, teasing me and keeping me straight all the time."

Aunt Louisa looked scornfully at the two girls; but at that moment the door opened, and the servant announced that dinner was ready. Close behind her came a broad, sturdy figure that was hardly recognized by any of them at first, till Curtis cried out:

"Why, Plug, where have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"Plug" grinned, but made no answer, till he had unloaded himself of a whole armory of weapons, which he laid on the table.

"Been to see Bixby," he finally said, as he laid out a two-foot bowie-knife, a navy revolver, a repeating rifle, and a big cartridge-box, alongside of each other.

Aunt Louisa backed away in great trepidation from the table, saying:

"Good heavens, Mr. Curtis, how can you allow such dangerous playthings in your house? I hope they're not loaded, Mr. Bullard."

Tom grinned again.

"Every one of 'em, ma'am. You'd better keep away from the muzzles."

"Which end is that?" asked the lady, nervously eying the weapons. "Will they go off alone?"

"They're not apt to, ma'am," said Plug, coolly, "unless you happen to cock 'em and pull the trigger. They're just busters to shoot, they are."

"Busters! What is that, Mr. Tom?" asked the lady, innocently.

"Rippers, ma'am; ring-tailed squealers; a hull team and a hoss to spare, with a yaller dawg hitched under the waggin." And Tom allowed the end of his tongue to bulge out one cheek, as he turned away to Jack Curtis.

Tom was decidedly rude, but he had been brought up in a rough school, before he went to Tusculum Academy, and retained much of his native slang.

"But where have you been, Tom?" asked Don Luis, who had listened to Mrs. Seaton and Plug with some amusement.

Plug straightened up respectfully in a moment.

"Went to see Mr. Bixby, sir, Uncle John's agent. Got him to telegraph for me to Kansas. Got this answer, sir?"

Tom held out a piece of paper, on which was written a line of writing. Don Luis examined it, and couldn't help laughing. It was from Tom's queer old bachelor uncle out in Kansas, evidently in answer to some request of Tom's.

It ran thus:

"MR. BIXBY: Let him have a thousand dollars and go. JOHN BULLARD."

"And so, first thing I did was to go and get the weepins," said Tom, quietly; "and then I made tracks for here, to be in time for dinner."

"What a funny boy he is!" whispered Aunt Louisa to Don Luis, as they slowly proceeded to the dining-room. "Sometimes I feel afraid of him, with his queer ways."

"Poor boy!" said Don Luis, with a slight sigh. "He has no father or mother to teach him good manners. We must remember that. My boy has no mother; and when I look at the two, I often think how God has been good in sparing me so long to take care of Manuel, till he is old enough to take care of himself. Tom Bullard is a wonderfully fine fellow, considering the way in which he has literally tumbled up, rather than been brought up."

And a few minutes after they were all busy at dinner, in the course of which they found out that Mr. Ledoux had written a long letter to Mr. Curtis about Louis. Mr. Ledoux was a great sugar-planter of Louisiana, and Mr. Curtis was his agent, as well as Don Luis Garcia. One sent him sugar, the other sent hides and tallow, and he sold cargoes for both. To-day he had received news from Mr. Ledoux, a second time.

"He says, boys, that he received your letter, and if Don Luis is willing to take charge

of you all, and will be responsible for your safety, he has no objection. He has also told me to see that you are properly fitted out, Master Louis, and to that end I am to get all that is necessary, and charge it to him. Are you satisfied?"

"Kitty" was almost too happy to answer. "And what did you write to your uncle, Master Tom?" asked Don Luis of "Plug," who was quietly eating his dinner beside Mrs. Curtis.

"Telegraphed that I wanted to go to Buenos Ayres, and wanted money to go," said Plug, laconically.

"Well," said Don Luis, smiling, "your uncle seems to have perfect confidence in you, from his answer."

"Why shouldn't he?" said Tom, quietly. "I never give him any trouble; and if I get into muzzes, I get out of them alone. That's the way to get on with uncle John."

"Well, boys," said Mr. Curtis, "now that it's all settled, you'll have to make your preparations at once. The Bonita sails on Monday next, and to-day is Wednesday. Don't go to getting any more guns and pistols, Master Bullard, for you won't need them in Buenos Ayres. It's not such a wild place as you think."

"The best thing you can do, boys," said Don Luis, "is to come with me to-morrow, and I'll show you what you'll want. Then you won't waste your money."

And so it was settled; and the next day saw our boys, with Don Luis, going from store to store, purchasing heavy coats for sea, strong trousers for riding, weapons, and every thing else except saddles and bridles. Don Luis told them that they would not need those, as there were plenty at Buenos Ayres.

#### CHAPTER III. GOING TO SEA.

On a broiling hot morning in July, the good ship Bonita lay alongside the wharf in the North river, while our four boys stood on the quarter-deck, with Don Luis, waving their handkerchiefs to a group of ladies in a carriage on the wharf. Outside, in the dock between the wharves, a little black steam-tug was puffing and blowing, as she backed out, at the end of a long rope, under whose influence the Bonita began slowly to move away from the shore.

"Kitty" Ledoux's face was not without a trace of sadness on it. After all, he was very fond of his Aunt Louisa, who was exceedingly kind; and he was leaving her for no one knew how long.

Jack Curtis, too, was going away from father and mother, and although he would not have staid behind, still, the sight of their grief at parting affected him sensibly.

Manuel Garcia seemed to be not altogether happy, either, though he was with his father. The fact was, that Manuel, with his handsome face and dark eyes, had been greatly taken with Jack's sister, Ellen Curtis, and almost felt inclined to give up his voyage, to remain with the blue eyes and sunny curls of the pretty New York girl. But it would never do to confess this; so Manuel hid his feelings away, along with a lock of hair that came from his adored one, which he kept in a pretty gold locket.

The only thoroughly happy one of the party was old "Plug." Tom had commenced sailor's life as soon as he got on board, and was already perched on top of the spanker boom, with his legs dangling, while he whistled "A Life on the Ocean Wave," with the full power of his lungs.

Don Luis was waving his hat, and the Bonita glided slowly out of the dock and into the stream, where the intervening vessels soon shut out the view of the people on shore.

Now they saw the wharves full of shipping gliding by rapidly, while their course was constantly crossed by the great ferryboats to Hoboken and Jersey City, and rival steam-tugs shot up and down at either side. Then there were numbers of sloops and schooners, with their white sails swelling out to the wind, the foam dashing up under their bows, as they plowed through the waters. In a little while the black steam-tug backed water, taking in the long rope as she did so, and came alongside of the Bonita, when she was secured to her at bow and stern, with strong fastenings, after which they steamed ahead once more. Now the captain of the Bonita, who had been down in the forward part of the vessel, came back to the quarter-deck, and began to shout orders to the sailors through a black speaking-trumpet that he held in his hand.

The novelty of everything interested our boys, and soon made them forget their sober feelings at parting. With Don Luis, they took their seats on the extreme end of the vessel, which is called the taffrail, and watched every thing going on with great interest. Even Manuel knew but little of the sea.

As for Jack and "Kitty," to them it was all new, and the latter never wearied of asking questions of his kind friend, Don Luis.

"Please, sir, why does the boat come up to us instead of dragging us?" was his first question.

"Because we are going out through a narrow and crooked channel," said the Don. "There are places in it where it turns sharp round, and where the water on each side is quite shallow. Now, if we were to keep at the end of our tow-rope, we might swing quite out of the channel, and stick in the mud in one of these places, whereas, if we keep close to the tug, we both go where she does."

"But how do you know where the channel is?" asked "Kitty."

Don Luis pointed to a man standing near the captain, who every now and then spoke a word to the latter.

"That man is the pilot," he said. "It is his business to take vessels in and out, and he does nothing else all the time. The edges of the channel are marked by buoys."

"Kitty" stared and laughed.

"By boys, Don Luis! Oh, you're fooling, ain't you?"

Don Luis laughed also.

"Well, well, my lad, the buoy I mean is a different kind of boy. A buoy—b-u-o-y—is a small keg, or a float of some kind, which is fastened to a rope or chain, the other end anchored to a rock. The buoy floats on top of the water, and marks the rock underneath. There is a row of buoys on each side of this New York channel, as soon as it gets narrow. So you see we have to go between them to be safe, and the pilot knows, from long experience, just where to look for them."

"How long does he stay with us, sir?" asked Jack Curtis.

"Till we get outside Sandy Hook," responded Don Luis. "Then he leaves us and goes to his own vessel, one of those pretty schooners that you see, now and then, with a huge number on her mainsail. Those are the pilot-boats."

This brought inquisitive "Kitty" to the front with a new question. He had been brought up away from the sea, and actually

knew hardly anything about vessels. But he had made up his mind to know all he could get out of Don Luis; and the good-natured estanciero was a good deal of a sailor. The Bonita belonged to him, and he frequently made voyages in her; so that he had acquired considerable knowledge of seamanship.

"Please, Don Luis," said "Kitty," "as the estanciero spoke of the pilot boats, 'what kind of a ship do you call that?' and he pointed to a low black vessel with one mast, and enormous sails that went skimming past them, swift as an arrow, as they came abreast of Governor's Island."

"That's a sloop yacht, my boy," said the estanciero; "that is, a vessel meant for nothing but pleasure—sailing and sport, sloop-rigged."

"And what's sloop-rigged?" asked "Kitty."

"We call vessels with one mast sloops," said Don Luis. "You see that one has one mast, and a big sail that goes from the front to the rear, what we call fore and aft. Above that she has a triangular sail, called a gaff topsail, and two more in front called jibs. That's a sloop. Yonder vessel with two masts, and the same kind of sails, is a schooner. Now look at our own vessel. You see she has three masts, and that all her sails are fastened to sticks going across the vessel, not fore and aft. Those sticks are called yards, the sails square-sails, and our own vessel is a true ship. Remember, that everything you see afloat, from a boat to a man-of-war, is a vessel, but nothing is a ship that has not got three masts, and is not square-rigged on all. A square-rigged vessel with two masts is called a brig."

"But why do they have so many different kinds of ships—vessels I mean, sir?" asked Jack Curtis. "Why shouldn't they be all of one kind?"

As he spoke, the captain shouted out some orders; and the men who had gone up on the yards let go some ropes, when down fell the white sheets of canvas in graceful festoons, swelling out under the favorable breeze that blew from the coast of Jersey.

Don Luis pointed to a schooner that was just crossing their bows to go up the river. She was laid over by the breeze, till her copper showed for several feet, and was struggling hard against a head tide.

"See yonder schooner," he said. "She was built expressly for going up and down our broad American rivers, where the wind is sure to be contrary to just one-half of the vessels, going in opposite directions. What she needs is a rig to enable her to go slanting to and fro, from side to side, what is called 'beating up' and 'tacking.' Her sails set themselves, you see, and swing round from one tack to the other, alone. All she needs is a man at the helm, and another to 'tend jib,' as it is called. Now our ship is meant to go in stormy seas, where she may have to take in her sails bit by bit. Consequently you see there are a great number of them, so that we may always be easily able to find out how much she can stand. And then, another point. Our ship is meant to go before the wind, or on one tack for very long periods, and these square sails send a ship much faster before the wind than those fore-and-aft ones. Look there. See that other schooner that we are overtaking, though she goes the same way that we do. She is going before the wind, and see how her sails swing out on each side. That is called going 'wing and wing.' A square-rigged ship can almost always beat a schooner at that, as we are beat by them in short tacks. So you see there's a reason for schooners and another for ships, and so also for all other kinds of vessels. People wouldn't build them in different ways if they didn't find it pay them."

Here the Don broke off in his lecture, to point out the shores of Staten Island, and a shoal of porpoises playing in the waves, between them and the shore.

"We shall see plenty of those out at sea," he said. "Those are porpoises, which the French and Germans call sea pigs. They look something like them, and their flesh is very similar to pork."

Louis was delighted with the sight of the porpoises, as they came to the surface of the sea with a grand rush, described a graceful curve in air, and then went down again to parts unknown, leaving the spray glittering in the bright sunshine.

Now the breeze began to freshen, as they passed through the Narrows and emerged into the lower bay. The sailors began to come down from the yards, where now all the sails were hanging in festoons, thundering and flapping loudly. In a few minutes afterward the tug cast off her fastenings, the sailors on deck seized hold of the long ropes called "sheets," which run from the lower courses of all the sails, and stretched the great squares of white canvas tight between the yards. Then the Bonita bowed over her lofty masts as she felt the canvas, and away she went, with her head pointed toward the blue line of sea, between Sandy Hook and Coney Island, the white foam parting under her cutwater.

The Bonita was a fast ship, and every stitch of canvas was soon spread. The breeze was from the north-west and therefore favorable for her. Soon the boys noticed some men out on the ends of the yards, pushing out the long, slender sticks through rings at the yard-arms on each side. The captain of the Bonita, whose name was Gregson, was standing near by, as Luis asked him:

"Please, captain, what are those men doing?"

"Rigging out stunnail booms," said the captain, and turned away, for he didn't want to be bothered just then. Don Luis beckoned to "Kitty."

"You mustn't talk to the captain till you get out to sea," he said. "A captain is always anxious about his vessel when there are rocks or shoals around, and never feels safe till out of sight of land. What do you want to know?"

Louis repeated his question about the studding-sail booms, and Don Luis told him:

"You see the breeze is very light yet, and we want to take advantage of it, so we rig out those booms, and presently you'll see them send up the sails from on deck."

And sure enough, in a short time after, first one sail and then another was fastened to long, thin ropes, and hauled up to the ends of the studding-sail or stunnail booms, till there was a cloud of canvas on the ship, under which her hull looked like a speck. In less than an hour afterward, the pilot was on his way shoreward, and the Bonita, under all sail, was heading south-easterly toward the distant coast of Africa.

#### CHAPTER IV. OCEAN LIFE.

BEFORE they had gone many miles outside of Sandy Hook, the breeze freshened to a considerable wind, and the ship leaped along like a live thing, going at a tremendous pace, for she was very sharp and swift, of the build called clipper.

But if the Bonita sailed fast and looked

pretty, she also began to roll and pitch considerably, and with very distressing effects to our boys. First of all "Kitty" gave in, and became terribly seasick. Don Luis sent him down to his berth, wishing that some one would only put him ashore, and that he had never come to sea. "Pickle" and "Plug" stood it out bravely together for some time, each taunting the other with being sick at first, but it was no use. All the jokes they could muster wouldn't keep off the enemy; and first, "Pickle" and then "Plug" became awfully sick. Jack Curtis went below, but old "Plug" declared he wouldn't go down while he could stand; so he kept the deck, miserable as he was; and, as soon as the first attack was over, he drank something which Don Luis gave him, and felt much better; and the end of it was that Tom, by sheer pluck, beat the sea-sickness and staid on deck till sunset. Manuel and his father were both exempt, the latter from having been on so many voyages, the former being one of the few fortunate ones who never get sea-sick.

So they bowed pleasantly along; and after a long night's sleep, the sick ones awoke in the morning, so much better, that they were able to enjoy the scene when they came on deck.

All around them, as far as the eye could see, was one blue, unbroken waste of ocean, bounded by a blue line, the horizon. Here and there in the extreme distance were a few white specks that they knew must be sails. The land was nowhere to be seen, and the ocean was curling in short, glittering waves, under the same fresh, cool breeze that had wafted them from Sandy Hook. The contrast between the dull, weltering heat on the docks, the day before, and the fresh, delightful coolness of the open sea, was wonderful. The sea-sickness of the boys was quite gone, for a time, and they enjoyed the scene greatly.

Louis, Jack and Manuel were sitting in chairs on the shady side of the quarter-deck, inquisitive "Kitty," as usual, asking questions, this time of Captain Gregson, who turned out to be a very kind, pleasant man, now that he was not busy. Don Luis was gone forward to smoke a cigar, and "Plug" was invisible for the time.

"Please, captain, how long will it be before we reach Buenos Ayres?" asked "Kitty."

"Well, in about six weeks, with good luck, young gentleman."

Louis had brought out a large school geography, with which he was trying to follow out the course he was to pursue.

"I suppose," he said, wisely, "we shall pass close by the West Indies and the mouth of the Amazon, captain, and keep close to South America all the way."

The captain smiled.

"We should be a long time getting there that way. First, we should meet the Gulf Stream, which would delay us. Next we should be pretty sure of contrary winds till we crossed the line, besides the chance of a hurricane in the West Indies; and lastly, that very current of the Amazon you speak of would put us out of our way several days. Where do you suppose we are heading now?"

Louis looked at the map.

"For Cape St. Roque," he said, confidently.

"Not a bit of it, my lad. For Cape Verd."

"But that's in Africa," said Jack Curtis.

"Isn't that going out of our way?"

"No, for we shall most probably have constant breezes from the north-west till we get there. In this part of the Atlantic we look for that. After nearing Africa we cross the equator and get into the Doldrums, where it's all ways more or less calm. Still, we get out of the eye of the African current, and then come into the South Atlantic Ocean, in the south-east tradewind, which will carry us straight to Buenos Ayres without shifting a sail. So that, you see, though we go a greater distance, we save time, by having a fair wind all the way."

Here Captain Gregson turned away and looked up at the main-top.

"Who's that skylarking up there?" he called out.

The boys looked up, and beheld the well-known visage of Tom Bullard, looking over the edge of the top as he stood, holding on to a shroud.

"Plug" for all answer to the captain's question, took aim at Jack Curtis with a hickory nut which he had in his pocket, and struck him full on the top of the head, the nut bouncing off and taking Captain Gregson on the nose.

The captain started and looked angry for a moment. Then he laughed, and shook his fist at Tom, crying:

"I'll pay you for that, you scamp. Do you know what happens to green hands when they get up in the rigging for the first time?"

"No," said Tom, coolly. "Do they hurt 'em if they catch 'em, cap?"

"You shall see," said the captain, laughing.

"Here, Mr. Hutton, send a couple of the men up after that young gentleman, and make him pay his footing."

Mr. Hutton was the first mate, and he too began to laugh. It was evident to the boys that something funny was to happen. They could see the sailors in the fore-castle looking up and laughing to each other, as they watched Tom.

"Here, Striker, you Antonio, go after him," said the mate, still laughing; and immediately two of the sailors separated from the rest and ran to the main rigging, which they began to ascend.

One of them was a big, heavily-built Englishman, with broad shoulders and long legs. He was the ladder, hardly seeming to be great size and strength, when they came out of New York. Striker was a gloomy, somewhat sullen-looking man, with temper none of the best, but known as a first-rate hand, aloft.

Antonio, his companion, was a dark, swarthy Italian of middle size, but very broad and compact.

As these two men commenced ascending the main-rigging, it was clear that they had some designs on Tom, for Striker wore a grim smile on his face, and Antonio was chattering Italian to a comrade on the deck below as fast as he could talk, sometimes pointing toward Tom.

The Western lad allowed them to come up a few rungs of the ladder, hardly seeming to understand, when Don Luis came out of the cabin door, and took in the situation at a glance.

"Away with you, Tom," he shouted, cheerily. "If those men catch you, they'll tie you up in the rigging till you pay them. Up to the cross-trees, quick!"

And then Tom started.

Now, "Plug" had not the least idea where the cross-trees were. He had not yet been long enough on a ship to know the names of things. But he knew that it was a case of "Catch me if you can," and although no sailor, Tom was what was better, under some circumstances. He was a skillful gymnast. Many a time in the old Tusculum Academy had Tom led the game of "Follow my leader" through the gymnasium, climbing up ladders with his hands, jumping over ropes, swinging

over horizontal and parallel bars, and again playing leap-frog over the wooden horse. In a moment he was into the topmost rigging, and climbing rapidly up to the head of the mast, where two cross-pieces of timber, at the heel of the topgallant mast, seemed to him just like the "cross-trees" Don Luis directed him to.

Tom was right. They were the cross-trees, and he got there before the two sailors reached the top. A shout of encouragement from the deck greeted him.

"Go it, Plug," cried Curtis, below, who had been watching the sailors and Tom with the eye of a connoisseur in gymnastics. "You can beat them, and give them the start, you can. Up higher, old fellow."

Tom looked down and saw the two sailors, one on each side of the mast, coming up at a run. He looked upward. There were no more ratlines now, no cross-pieces to rest the feet on. Four stiff black ropes led from the cross-trees to the head of the topgallant mast, and up these Tom saw that his way must lie. Without a moment's hesitation he seized one in each hand, and putting his knees and shins out against the ropes, commenced to scramble up, just like a cat. It was a trick he had often practiced in the gymnasium on two smooth poles; and the sticky, tarred rope, with its rough surface, made the task infinitely easier. For all that, it seemed to surprise the sailors, who shouted with laughter, bantering their two comrades in the chase after Tom.

Again Tom reached the end of his ropes, and saw nothing above him now but the smooth mast, which, as the vessel was in motion, seemed to sway to and fro with wonderful swiftness, considering the gentle roll on deck. Tom looked around him and then below. It was plain that he could go no higher, except by "swarming," and even then he was bound to be taken at last. Already Striker, the grim smile on his face expanding as he neared the boy, was coming up the topgallant rigging, shining a single rope. Antonio had stopped at the cross-trees at the other side of the mast, as if to cut off his retreat in that direction.

"Plug" began to think of fighting, when he heard Manuel Garcia's voice on deck, shouting:

"Hey, Plug, come down on the main-topgallant stay; quick, or they'll get you! There it is, in front."

Plug looked where Manuel pointed, and found a stiff black rope, that led from where he was, in a slant, downward and forward, to the head of the foretopmast. With a cry of defiance he laid grasp on it and swung out from the mast, clapping the rope with arms and legs at once, and gliding rapidly down toward the foretopmast.

But while he thus eluded Striker, who was left behind in the middle of the main-topgallant rigging, he could not shake off Antonio. Before the cheers of the quarter-deck and the jeers of the sailors had died away, Antonio was seen to swing himself out on the topmast stay, a similar rope, parallel to and below the topgallant stay, and was fairly on his way to the foretop before Tom had reached the fore-crosstrees.

Now the cheers rose again for Antonio, and Tom, who was wonderfully quick at learning, went skimming up to the foretopgallant rigging like a monkey. He had a vague idea of going somewhere from thence, but he hardly knew where as yet. By the time he arrived at the foretopgallant mast-head, Antonio was at the cross-trees below him; and Striker, who had now reached the main-topgallant stay, was coming down it hand over hand, promising to be at the fore-crosstrees as soon as Antonio.

The blood of both sailors was up, to be beaten at climbing by a mere landsman, and a boy at that, like Tom.

At the foretopgallant mast-head Tom paused a moment. There was, it is true, a stay leading forward to the end of the jibboom; but it was occupied by the rings of the foretopgallant staysail, which was set, and looked too hazardous to slide down. But Tom saw that there were other stays yet, still higher up the mast. The jib-stay and flying jib-stay were both there, and the flying jib was not set. Up the smooth mast climbed "Plug," his progress being sensibly slower now, while his two pursuers, on the rougher ropes, doing their best, were slowly nearing him.

At last, when he reached the jib-stay, big Striker was just beginning to shin the mast, but Antonio had disappeared. "Plug" uttered a shout of triumph, and strained harder than ever upward. He was at the flying jib-stay at last, and looked down. The long reach and great strength of the English sailor had given him the advantage in the last pull up, hand over hand, and he was already within six feet of Tom.

"A miss is as good as a mile," shouted the boy, with a scornful laugh; and next minute he was shooting down the flying jib-stay, like a swallow on wing.

But Tom had reckoned without his host when he thought Antonio had given up the chase. That astute individual, foreseeing that Tom's course must end at last at the tip of the jibboom, as soon as he saw that "Plug" was swarming upward still, caught the foretopgallant backstay, and came down on deck like a flash, whence he ran out to the heel of the bowsprit, and there awaited our young friend's appearance. He heard Plug's shout of triumph, saw him come shooting down on the stay, and instantly jumped up and ran out on the jibboom to intercept him.

Like a flash, the gallant Western lad glided down the stiff rope, and reached the extreme end of the flying jibboom. Then he turned round to run in, laughing to think of how he had outwitted his pursuers, and saw himself confronted by the broad, sturdy figure, and dark, glittering eyes of Antonio.

"Aha, signorino, me got you now, per bacco!" cried the sailor, showing his teeth, half in glee, half in anger. "You pay for dis chase, you see!"

Tom cast a glance upward, as he stood leaning on the flying jibboom, panting for breath. Big Striker was already coming down the stay, and in a moment more he would be a prisoner, if he stayed.

"Catch me, if you can, slow-coach," he shouted, as he flung his cap in Antonio's face. Then he leaped far out into the foaming brine, under the cut-water of the Bonita.

"Man overboard! Man overboard!" was the instant cry, as the men rushed to the side, throwing ropes.

Before Tom reached the stern he had caught hold of a rope, and was hauled on board, wet, but safe.

"Well, Cap," he observed coolly, to Gregson; "next time you send your men after a fellow, make sure that he hasn't been to gymnasium, will ye?"

And Tom was free to the Bonita's rigging for that voyage.

(To be continued.)

In Paris they take their cod-liver oil in bread, 300 loaves being used daily in the children's hospitals alone.

#### A KISS FOR A SONG.

BY EBBE E. REXFORD.

Darling, if I pay you well,  
Will you sing a song for me?  
To the chime of lily-bell  
And the bag-pipe of the bee?  
Sing me something low and sweet  
Suited to the quiet here;  
I will pay you, I repeat,  
I will pay in kisses, dear.

Current coin kisses are,  
In the happy realm of love,  
When, as now, the vesper star  
Trembles in the blue above.  
Sing, my darling, while I hold  
In my own, your loving hand,  
Of some secret flowers told,  
For their words you understand.

Sing me something that shall be  
Half as sweet as lips of thine;  
Sing, and I will listen, dear,  
To this singing-bird of mine.  
Let me kiss you ere you sing,  
I will pay you now, and when  
You have sung your song to me  
I will pay you, dear, again.

#### THE

## Headless Horseman.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

#### CHAPTER XCIV.

THE MYSTERY MADE CLEAR.

THE accused paused in his recital. No one offers any observation—either to interrupt or hurry him on.

There is a reluctance to disturb the chain of a narrative, all knew to be unfinished, and every link of which has been binding them to a closer and more earnest attention.

Judge, jury and spectators remain breathlessly silent; while their eyes—many with mouths agape—are attentively turned upon the prisoner.

Amid solemn stillness he is permitted to proceed.

"My next idea was to cover the body with the cloak—as well as the serape still around the shoulders. By so doing, it would be protected from both wolves and buzzards—at least till we could get back to fetch it away."

"I had taken off the cloak for this purpose; when a different plan suggested itself—one that appeared in every way better."

"Instead of returning to the fort alone, I should take the body along with me. I fancied I could do this, by laying it across the croup, and lashing it to the saddle with my lasso."

"I led my horse up to the spot, and was preparing to put the body upon him, when I perceived that there was another horse upon the ground. It was that lately ridden by him who was now no more."

"The animal was near by browsing upon the grass—as tranquilly as if nothing had happened to disturb it."

"As the bridle trailed upon the ground, I had no difficulty in catching hold of it. There was more in getting the horse to stand still—especially when brought alongside what lay on the ground."

"Holding the reins between my teeth, I lifted the body up, and endeavored to place it crosswise in the saddle."

"I succeeded in getting it there, but it would not remain. It was too stiff to bend over, and there was no way to steady it."

"Besides, the horse became greatly excited, at sight of the strange load he was being called upon to carry."

"After several attempts, I saw I could not succeed."

"I was about to give up the idea, when another occurred to me—one that promised better. It was suggested by a remembrance of something I had read, relating to the Gauchos of South America. When one dies, or is killed by accident, in some remote station of the Pampas, his comrades carry his corpse to their distant home—strapped in the saddle, and seated in the same attitude as though he were still alive."

"Why should I not do the same with the body of Henry Pointexter?"

"I made the attempt—first trying to set him on his own horse."

"But, the saddle being a flat one, and the animal still remaining restive, I did not succeed."

"There was but one other chance of making the home journey together—by exchanging horses."

"I knew that my own would not object. Besides, my Mexican saddle, with its deep tree, would answer admirably for the purpose."

"In a short while I had the body in it, seated erect, in the natural position. Its stiffness, that

lay my hand upon it, the horse was at full speed.

"At first I was but a little alarmed; indeed not at all. I supposed I should soon recover the reins, and bring the runaway to a stand.

"But I soon found this could not easily be done. They had strayed forward, almost to the animal's ears; and I could not reach them without laying myself flat along the neck.

"While endeavoring to secure the bridle, I took no heed of the direction in which the horse was taking me. It was only when I felt a sharp twitching against my cheeks that I discovered he had forsaken the open tract, and was carrying me through the chaparral.

"After that I had no time to make observations—no chance even to look after the lost reins. I was enough occupied in dodging the branches of the mesquites, that stretched out their spinous arms as if desiring to drag me from the saddle.

"I managed to steer clear of them, though not without getting scratches.

"But there was one I could not avoid—the limb of a large tree that projected across the path. It was low down—on a level with my breast—and the brute, shying from something that had given a fresh start, shot right under it.

"Where he went afterward I do not attempt to say. You all know that—I believe, better than I. I can only tell you that, after unhorsing, he left me under the limb, with a lump upon my forehead and a painful swelling in the knee; neither of which I knew any thing about till two hours afterward.

"When my senses came back to me I saw the sun high up in the heavens, and some scores of turkey buzzards wheeling in circles above me. I could tell by the craning of their necks what was the prey they were expecting.

"The sight of them, as well as my thirst—that was beginning to grow painful—prompted me to move away from the place.

"On rising to my feet, I discovered that I could not walk. Worse still, I was unable to stand.

"To stay on that spot was to perish—at least so I thought at the time.

"Urged by the thought, I exerted all the strength left me in an effort to reach water.

"I knew there was a stream near by; and partly by crawling—partly by the help of a rude crutch procured in the thicket—I succeeded in reaching it.

"Having satisfied my thirst, I felt refreshed, and soon after fell asleep.

"I awoke to find myself surrounded by coyotes.

"There were at least two score of them; and although at first I had no fear—knowing their cowardly nature—I was soon brought to a different way of thinking.

"They saw that I was disabled, and for this reason had determined upon attacking me.

"After a time they did so, clustering around and springing upon me in a simultaneous onslaught.

"I had no weapon but my knife, and it was fortunate I had that. Altogether unarmed, I must have been torn to pieces and devoured.

"With the knife I was able to keep them off, stabbing as many as I could get a fair stroke at.

"Half a dozen, I should think, were killed in this way.

"For all that it would have ended ill for me. I was becoming enfeebled by the blood fast pouring from my veins, and must soon have succumbed, but for an unexpected chance that turned up in my favor.

"I can scarce call it chance. I am more satisfied to think it was the hand of God."

"On pronouncing this speech the young Irishman turns his eyes toward heaven, and stands for a time as if reflecting reverentially.

Solemn silence around tells that the attitude is respected. The hearts of all, even the rudest of his listeners, seem touched with the confidence so expressed.

"It showed itself," he continues, "in the shape of an old comrade—one oftentimes more faithful than man himself—my staghound, Tara.

"The dog had been straying—perhaps in search of me—though I have since heard a different explanation of it, with which I need not trouble you. At all events, he found me; and just in time to be my rescuer.

"The coyotes scattered at his approach; and I was saved from a fearful fate—I may say the jaws of death.

"I had another spell of sleep, or unconsciousness—whichever it may have been.

"On awakening I was able to reflect. I knew that the dog must have come from my jacks, which I also knew to be several miles distant. He had been taken thither the day before by my servant, Phelim.

"The man should still be there; and I bethought me sending him a message, the staghound to be his bearer.

"I wrote some words on a card, which I chanced to have about me.

"I was aware that my servant could not read; but on seeing the card he would recognize it as mine, and seek some one who could decipher what I had written upon it.

"There would be the more likelihood of his doing so, seeing that the characters were traced in blood.

"Wrapping the card in a piece of buck-skin, to secure it against being destroyed, I attached it to Tara's neck.

"With some difficulty I succeeded in getting the animal to leave me. But he did so at length; and, as I had hoped, to go home to the hut.

"It appears that my message was duly carried; though it was only yesterday I was made acquainted with the result.

"Shortly after the dog took his departure I once more fell asleep—again awakening to find myself in the presence of an enemy—one more terrible than I had yet encountered."

"It was a jaguar.

"A conflict came off between us; but how it ended, or after what time, I am unable to tell. I leave that to my brave rescuer, Zeb Stump; who, I hope, will soon return to give an account of it—with much besides that is yet mysterious to me, as to yourselves.

"All I can remember since then is a series of incongruous dreams—painful phantasmagoria—mingled with pleasant visions—ah! some that were celestial—until the day before yesterday, when I awoke to find myself an inmate of a prison—with a charge of murder hanging over my head!

"Gentlemen of the jury! I have done."

"*Si non vero e ben trovato*," is the reflection of judge, jury, and spectators, as the prisoner completes his recital. They may not express it in such well-turned phrase; but they feel it—one and all of them. And not a few believe in the truth, and reject the thought of contrivance. The tale is too simple—too circumstantial—to have been contrived, and by a man whose brain is but just recovered from the confusion of fevered fancies. It is altogether improbable he should have concocted such a story. So think the majority of those

to whom it has been told. His confession—irregular as it may have been—has done more for his defense than the most eloquent speech his counsel could have delivered. Still it is but his own tale; and other testimony will be required to clear him. Where is the witness upon whom so much is supposed to depend? Where is Zeb Stump? Five hundred pairs of eyes turn toward the prairie, and scan the horizon with inquiring gaze. Five hundred hearts throb with a mad impatience for the return of the old hunter—with or without Cassius Calhoun—with or without the Headless Horseman—now no longer either myth or mystery, but a natural phenomenon explained and comprehended.

It is not necessary to say to that assemblage that the thing is an improbability—much less to pronounce it impossible. They are Texans of the south-west—denizens of the high upland plateau, bordering upon the "Staked Plain," from which springs the lovely Leona, and where the river of Nuts heads in a hundred crystal streams.

They are dwellers in a land where death can scarce be said to have its successor in decay; where the stag struck down in its tracks—or the wild steed succumbing to some hapless chance—unable by wild beasts devoured, will, after a time, bid defiance both to the laws of corruption and the teeth of the coyote; where the corpse of mortal man himself, left unconfined and uncovered, will, in the short period of eight-and-forty hours, exhibit the signs and partake of the qualities of a mummy freshly exhumed from the catacombs of Egypt!

But few upon the ground who are not acquainted with this peculiarity of the Texan climate—that section of it close to the Sierra Madre—and more especially among the spurs of the Llano Estacado.

Should the Headless Horseman be led back under the live-oak, there is not one who will be surprised to see the dead body of Henry Poindexter scarce showing the incipient sign of decomposition. If there be any incredulity about the story just told them, it is not on this account, but they stand in impatient expectation, not because they require it to be confirmed. Their impatience may be traced to a different cause—a suspicion, awakened at an early period of the trial, and which, during its progress, has been gradually growing stronger; until it has at length assumed almost the shape of a belief.

It is to confirm or dissipate this that nearly every man upon the ground—every woman as well—chafes at the absence of that witness, whose testimony is expected to restore the accused to his liberty, or consign him to the gallows tree. Under such an impression, they stand interrogating the level line—where sky and savanna mingle the soft blue of the sapphire with the vivid green of the emerald!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 205.)

never seen, except by the reflection of her face in the clear, limpid waters of the Otter Tail lake.

The young man moved on briskly, observing many of the precautions that he had been taught by Bowie-knife Ben. An hour's walking brought him to the lake, but he had made no discoveries whatever. The wind, which had been gradually changing from the south all day, was now blowing a stiff gale from the east, and far out in the middle of the lake, where the ice had broken up, he could hear the sullen swash of the waves as they beat upon the ice that still fringed the shores.

In order to reach O'Ray, Graham would be compelled to pass around in front of the Wolf upon the ice; and it was with no little trepidation of mind that he descended to the lake and began picking his footsteps carefully across the rotten ice. He had made half the distance, and was just in front of the Wolf, when a prolonged, retreating roar, like that of a cannon, suddenly greeted his ears, and he felt the ice beneath his feet tremble, as if under the jar of an earthquake.

He paused and gazed around him, when several more reports, but not so loud as the first, forced a terrible reality upon him. The ice upon which he stood had broken loose from the shore for fully half a mile to the right and left, and was drifting out into the open lake, in the mean time breaking up into small floes.

Seeing the awful danger that threatened him, Graham rushed toward the shore, but before he could take a dozen steps, there was a boom and a surge, and the ice upon which he was adrift broke into pieces. He was left upon the inward floe, which, although half an acre in area, was the smaller of the two, and drifted rapidly to sea, cutting off all hopes of his escape.

This was a very unpleasant situation for the young man, and not a little perilous. The ice, being soft and brittle, and in such an immense body, was not likely to withstand the straining of the waves, and at any moment it was liable to be broken up, when Graham must be hurled into the seething depths below.

To call attention, and if possible, immediate assistance, were his first thoughts. He shouted at the top of his lungs, but elicited no response. He fired his rifle, but the wind was against him. Being a hundred yards from shore, now, it was not likely human ears could hear his signals of distress. At least, such were his conclusions; but why did he not cast his eyes toward the summit of the Wolf? A tiny flag fluttering there might have given him some hope. But in his peril he thought only of Larry O'Ray—his only hopes were in being seen by him. But even these hopes afforded him little relief, for he was satisfied that there was not a canoe upon the lake, and even if there were, it could never be managed upon the tossing waters amid the crashing, grinding floes, many of which were acres in size. In fact, the only chance of escape that he could see lay in his being drifted across to the opposite end of the lake, and even this would be attended with many dangers. An enemy might be there to receive him, or the returning current prevent the near approach of the floe to the shore. Moreover, the day was wearing rapidly away, and the prophesy of Bowie-knife Ben was coming true. A storm was gathering in the clouds above, and it threatened to be one of those fearful "snow-squalls" peculiar to March in this latitude—more dangerous and dreaded by the hunter and trapper than a storm in the dead of winter.

The wind drove the floe rapidly out, further and further into the lake. Graham was compelled to take a position on the lee side of the ice to escape being washed overboard by the waves that were dashed up half across the ice-floe.

To add discomfort to his perilous situation, the wind became damp and chilly. He was not clad sufficiently to prevent suffering, and the sudden change from warm to cold was all the more severely felt.

The wind gradually shifted into the north-east, and then the storm that had so long been gathering broke forth. The air became filled with whirling, flying snow-flakes, shutting off all view of the surrounding lake, and adding new horrors to the situation.

The sun went down soon after the opening of the storm; then followed a darkness black as Erebus.

Half an hour later, the floe upon which Graham was adrift received a terrible shock, its leeward side pitching high into the air and there remaining motionless. The young man was thrown violently down by the sudden shock, and it was only with quite an effort that he was enabled to regain his feet. When he did, it was to find that one side was down and the other up. In a moment the truth of the situation flashed across his mind. The floe had grounded upon a sand-bar in the middle of the lake, still adding new dangers and terrors to his already trying ordeal. He was compelled to use his rifle as a brace to keep his feet at all; and in a few minutes more another floe was driven up against his own, lapping several yards over it, and sinking the lower side still deeper in the water.

Another and still another lodged and lapped around and upon his ice-float, and soon a mighty pack was wedged around him, and all chances of going adrift again cut off, while the wind rained in its present quarter.

Despair at length took possession of the young man's breast. He felt that Ben's words had been, alas! too prophetic. He was satisfied that he could never escape the perils and rigors of the night. Already his limbs were growing numb with cold, and it required every effort of his failing strength to battle against the still worse and more subtle enemy—Sleep, the companion of Cold. He could not see his hand before him, the air was so densely filled with the flying snow, and the darkness so intense. The wind moaned and shrieked in demoniac glee around him. The waves dashing among the jumbled ice-pack, and the breaking, lapping, floes crushed, wrenched and ground each other—all filling the very soul of the young man with terror.

He arose to his feet and attempted to keep warm by moving around. He thrashed his arms about his body and stamped his feet vigorously. But his efforts were all in vain. Dangers with the horrors of the Cimmerian gloom multiplied around him. His blood ran more sluggishly, and gradually he lost the powers of will; a strange, drowsy, dreamy sensation, filled with startling, pleasurable emotions, was stealing over his senses—a sensation that he could not conquer.

He rallied his failing strength into one effort and lifted his voice to Heaven in prayer. But the mad wind choked back all utterance as it rushed across the lake, driving the cutting sleet into his face and chanting a requiem of horrible mockery. The great ice-pack creaked and groaned as it rose and fell with the surge of the angry waves.

Ice, wind and waves seemed endowed with a life of evil, and battling with each other like demons for the life of the almost unconscious man.

An infinitude of forms were now passing before his mind; his brain was yielding to the double influence of sleep and cold; he reeled like a drunken man; he grasped at imaginary forms like one delirious; he staggered and fell. No groan escaped his lips; no struggle convulsed his form. He lay motionless as death, while the icy fingers of the north wind toyed with his damp locks and wove a mantle of white around his now unconscious form!

# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

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## The Arm-Chair.

Now that books are cheap, it is a good time to secure them. The young man who begins his collection as soon as he begins to earn money, is making a wise disposition of his means in securing good books; and a very wise disposition of his leisure is it to devote at least three quiet hours per day to reading what he buys.

Three hours per day—three sweet, delicious hours to acquiring knowledge and learning the wisdom that makes a man a peer among men! Three hours per day are twenty-one hours per week, or ten hundred and ninety-five hours per year. Starting this when the youth is fifteen years of age, and continuing it up to twenty-five, he finds that he has over *ten thousand hours* of pure mental acquisition to his credit!

Ten thousand hours! What a pyramid of wealth! Every hour is a brick in that pyramid. It is labeled with some great idea, good thought, special knowledge or suggestive discovery; and the aggregate of all is a monument that men will admire, envy, and look upon as a mark of superior merit.

We say that there is not a boy or young man who reads the SATURDAY JOURNAL, whether he be farmer, mechanic, clerk, professional man or student, who can not build this pyramid for himself, *without aid*, and without especial sacrifice of his working interests. All that is essential are the wish and will. *Will* it, and it *will* be!

Dear reader—boy or girl, young man or young woman—think of this, and let it be your pride to say, "I will!"

We give, in answer to "Good Templar," the figures, as drawn from the census of 1870, regarding the actual cost of liquor introduced to consumers, in this country, in one year. The aggregate is so stupendous as to seem utterly incredible, but when we consider the extent of liquor-drinking in every city, town and hamlet in the United States—that over five hundred and sixty thousand men were then engaged in the liquor traffic—that there were more than one hundred and forty thousand *licensed* saloons, with an average of forty customers per day, making five million, six hundred thousand drinkers—when we regard all this, we can not be amazed at the tremendous sum charged directly as cost against the liquor trade.

But what else than money do the figures suggest? Crime, pauperism, disgrace, suffering, death! Oh, the horrible record! Angels in heaven must weep over it. Devils must revel over it, if indeed they are not satiated with the awful offerings at Satan's shrine.

One of our excellent exchanges says:

"Among all our literary weekly exchanges none are more welcome to our table than the SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL. Its writers are among the best of the day, and the stories never flag in interest from first till last."

Which is true enough to be good, and good enough to be true, if we can believe what readers and correspondents and the press are constantly saying of us. It is some comfort, in this hot weather, when we are sweltering in office and fretting in printing-room to receive such words of cheer—to all of which we say a hearty "Thank you!"

Dr. Prime, editor of good, old conservative *New York Observer*, says of T. De Witt Talmage:

"His sermons I regard as among the best specimens of the simple, earnest, pungent presentation of the solemn and precious truth of the Gospel that I have ever read, and having a fertility of illustration that is marvelous."

Talmage is as effective with his pen as with his tongue. His "Abominations of Modern Society" (published by Adams, Victor & Co., N. Y.) is one of the most powerful books in the whole range of American literature on live topics. His exposition of "popular" vices is like the handwriting on the wall—so vivid, so earnest, so startling, that no one arises from a perusal of the book who is not essentially a better and a wiser man. Such preachers as Talmage indeed have a mission; and not to have become a preacher would have been, in his case, a national loss.

An old edition of Morse's Geography says: "Albany has four hundred dwelling-houses and twenty-four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street."

This is not worse than the critic's notice of Salvini's "Othello," when he writes that the tragedian "seized a pillow full of rage and jealousy."

Instances of inattention to expression and punctuation are so common in books that we sometimes think a large class of so-called "educated" persons are not aware of the simplest principles of composition.

Teachers, we know, as a class, are deficient in the knowledge of punctuation. We have, again and again, been informed by them that there are no rigid rules for punctuation—which simply shows how ignorant they are.

There are rigid rules—very rigid rules, which proof-readers, compositors and editors alike are compelled to enforce, else when many a manuscript went to press it would excite an author's dismay and the reader's laughter.

A precisely-punctuated, clearly-expressed and easily-read manuscript is the rare exception, in publishers' rooms, and some of the worst we ever knew came from the hands of ministers, who are generally supposed to be better "educated" than those they talk to or write for.

Our educational systems certainly want overhauling. We stuff the brains with "advance" studies and neglect the first principles of English. Teachers need to be taught. Ask of them a specimen letter, or essay, or narrative, and see what you get. Examiners and School Trustees need to be taught, for they themselves are usually deficient in the art and principles of precise expression. Not all, of

course; but, so numerous are the delinquents, that it is a question for our educators to answer: How shall we best *compel* a knowledge of English composition?

## Sunshine Papers.

### An Unwritten History.

SUNDAY morning in February and the great metropolis. Despite the condemnation so generally bestowed upon New York—a condemnation not wholly unmerited—branding it as an immoral and godless city, and the doleful lament of credulous croakers, who have never been in it, and small pulpits, unknown to fame, that it has no Sabbath—there is a Sabbath hush in the air, a Sabbath quiet to the streets, a Sabbath look over everything.

We walk up Fourth avenue, the cars passing and repassing with their loads of pleasure-seekers and church-goers. Few pedestrians are yet astir, but here comes a group of Sunday school children—pretty, and happy, and tripping along with merry words upon their lips. How soon will they outgrow these pleasant Sabbath mornings? How soon will the girls be idling them in bed, the boys on the streets, "too big" to go to Sunday school? Ah! if but some one would teach them now—with line upon line and precept upon precept—in this impression-time of their lives, that we never get large enough, or old enough, to outgrow the reality—exceedingly prosaic that is pure, ennobling, holy, be it even but the good-night kiss to father and mother, or the little prayer we first lisped.

The children are far down the avenue, and here is Twenty-third street, with its four well-occupied corners. Science and knowledge are studied and sought for in that plain brick college of surgery. And this new building, slightly showy, with inscriptions and statuary over the entrance, is the head-quarters of the brute creation's greatest friend—Henry Bergh.

Here humanity to the speechless but invaluable animal friends is made not a mere theory, but a prosaic reality—exceedingly prosaic when, upon a bitterly cold or stormy day, one is kept waiting upon dangerous street-corners for the coming of a car whose horses are being walked off by the detective force of the great Bergh. This odd marble building—an Academy of Design not only in purpose but in architectural oddities—twice a year is filled with works of pencil and brush from the hands of many an artist; though a goodly number of the pictures honored by a place upon its walls are not strikingly artistic. And upon this last corner, this great building with its artists' dens upon the upper floors, its handsome stores below, its hall, and splendid parlors, libraries, gymnasium, and other appliances for comfort and entertainment, belongs to the Young Men's Christian Association; and is a rendezvous for hundreds of the young men of our city.

Through to Madison Square. Let us sit here awhile, upon one of these settees, and enjoy the stillness that the day has brought to Broadway. How balmy the air is, with a sweet suggestion in it of a coming springtide; and the sky is one pale-blue dome, with the great golden sun shining down; and the leafless trees, swaying to and fro above our heads, though they display no swelling buds, seem to have lost the cold, hard look that winter's fierce attacks forced them to wear. And the air is just as balmy, the sky just as blue, the sun just as golden, away down over the swarming tenement buildings of Hester and Baxter streets, as here over the stately brown-toned mansions, the pinnacled churches, the glittering plate of Broadway windows, the Union League Club's marble building, the statue to the heroes of Mexican wars; and yet how many of the inhabitants of those crowded regions ever admire the great works of art hung in the most glorious art gallery for their weary eyes to feast upon, or ever think of the great Master-painter—sometimes, mayhap, they appreciate, in a dumb, instinctive sort of way, the warmth of the sunshine; only this; will they never look higher?

Two little urchins upon the settee opposite are swinging their feet and talking of marbles. "If it only wasn't Sunday I would play you a game," says one; "never mind, I'll beat you to-morrow," and they jump down and trot up Madison avenue. Let us follow them.

The church-bells are swinging out their sweet-toned calls to worshippers, now, and many people are bending footsteps toward these handsome churches. Do you see the gentleman just alighting from this close carriage? That man is not coming here to worship, only to show his neighbors that, though his business ship sails through stormy seas, he defies destiny to shipwreck her. His thoughts will be in his office, though his haughty face shall reverently meet the clergyman's. We are past this church, so watch with me that girl just ahead of us. She is giving a note to that little chap we saw in the park, and he is crossing the street with it. He rings the bell, hands it to a colored waiter, and awaits some message. The lady has moved slowly on, see how slowly, one, two blocks—ah! now she returns. The waiter hands the lad a note, he runs down the steps and toward the girl, puts the message in her hand, receives a bill, and rejoicing his little mate, goes whistling away. She is just across from us now, a slender, stately girl, young and fair; how swiftly her fingers under the paper! Only a line there; she crushes it into her pocket, and walks slowly on, with a restless, expectant look upon her face that betrays her calm manner. Swift footsteps follow her, a gentleman walks at her side, and draws her hand to his arm. Shall we follow them down that street?

They have ascended the marble steps of that fashionable hotel; now they go up to the dining-room; we will order a cup of coffee and sit opposite them while they breakfast. She is very pretty, and young, and very much in love with the handsome youth who talks to her. How prettily she pours his chocolate, and how long they linger over their toast, and cream, and peaches! Her dress and manners betoken refinement, her face indexes intelligence, earnestness, innocence. What is the romance, then, weaving about these two? There is no mistaking his admiration, his tenderness, his respect, but his face may show, in some trifling way, the history of past and future. Those eyes are tender, but restless, unsatisfied, doubting; the brow is high, but lacks the glow of a conquering spirit; that mouth is too mobile, too fond, too weak. After their breakfast he puts her in an uptown stage, and saunters into the barber's, and there we leave him.

All through the day we are dreaming sadly over that unwritten history. Is it all right? Is anything right, young lady, that is secret, underhand, concealed? Some day will there not be misery on that sweet face we watched, misery in the young heart? At eventide of that balmy Sabbath day we kneel in our pew and pray the Good Father to save from a wretched ending that unwritten history.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## AMONG THE PROVERBS.

### NUMBER FOURTEEN.

"The wheel of fortune runs swifter than a mill-wheel, and they who were yesterday at the top, are, to-day, at the bottom."

LIFE is something like the children's game of "see-saw," with its "Here we go up, up, and here we go down, down"—nothing is more uncertain than worldly riches; they are about as reliable as the spray which drowning men cling to; sometimes they come quite suddenly, and as soon depart. Who does not remember Johnny Steele, the poor, hard-working boy, who came suddenly into possession of two million dollars through petroleum? In two years every cent of that two million was gone, given away, beg ed away, squandered away and sponged away, and Johnny was forced to fall back on the old routine of life, sadder and wiser. While his oil-well was flowing so were his greenbacks, and, just about the time his fortune dried up so did his well. Now, Johnny was much to blame, yet he had some good qualities, and one of these was generosity; still he gave us one or two lessons, one being the instability of wealth, and the other how one can not stand sudden riches. Two million dollars! Wouldn't that be likely to make any one's head whirl? They should have lasted a lifetime, but they melted away in two years.

Fires have swept away in one night the work, toil and labor of years, and merchants, who went to bed with thousands, wake up almost penniless. While your ships are riding peacefully on the waves you may think fortune to be yours, but a gale of wind may come, a tempest may battle with your treasures and come victorious out of the fray. You may be boasting—which you never should do—of your possessions and to-morrow may be a bankrupt seeking work. Men have founded hospitals for impoverished merchants and have been obliged to ask for admittance in them for themselves. These are not imaginary cases, but affairs that have happened and are likely to happen in the days to come.

Life is said to be short—and so it is—yet in that brevity of time what marvelous changes transpire; how many ups and downs take place, as unlooked for and unexpected as they are mysterious. It doesn't do for Mr. Augustus to walk about with his good clothes and hold up his head as if you and I were nobodies and he was "monarch of all he surveyed," that dainty little foot of his might trip and send him wallowing in the gutter. It's no use being haughty or putting on airs because you are possessed of that bubble wealth; it's not going to make you any better if it makes you less charitable.

You've seen Mollie blowing bubbles, and when she has made an "ever so big one" she claps her hands and brags of her achievements, and, while she is bragging, the bubble bursts. You've thought her foolish, no doubt, but she's not a bit more foolish than these braggers and boosters of wealth whose riches may dissolve in thin air. To be sure, Mollie has more *right* to be triumphant, for it is easier for her to make another soap bubble than for you to form one of money.

A competence is better than wealth, and I think people are far happier with one than they would be with "riches untold"—there's less care about it, less worry, less extravagance and less foolish, arrogant pride. I know it is very easy for those who haven't wealth to speak disparagingly of it, as I am doing, but I don't believe all the folks will entirely disagree with me in some of my sentiments.

When money is ours we should strive to be prudent with it, and then, when the panic comes, it will not take us unawares or find us unprovided to meet it. We should be generous with it to aid the unfortunate, that we may not have to reproach ourselves with our niggardliness hereafter.

The sight of good that a person could do with one's wealth and yet leaves it all undone is pitiful to contemplate. And, therefore, it is fit now to remember that "The wheel of fortune turns swifter than a mill-wheel, and they who were yesterday at the top, are, to-day, at the bottom."

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

### Geographical.

#### A LESSON FOR BOYS.

THE earth is a planet upon which we live, move and raise little onions.

It is the best country we ever lived in. The form of the earth is roundly spherical, slightly flattened at the poles to make it set up.

The earth is the best thing to walk upon that was ever invented, and it is the worst thing in the world to be under.

It is also the best thing to have a proprietary interest in.

I own but very little of the earth's surface. The mean distance of the earth from the sun is 95,000,000 miles in winter, about Christmas; and the terribly mean distance from the sun in summer, about the Fourth of July, is less than four miles and a half. Fahrenheit, which is about the worst heat it attains.

The diameter of the earth is 7,925 miles, that is, in the direction they bored; at least in Pennsylvania they bored that far and struck daylight, which came up at the rate of one hundred barrels a minute.

It would take a sermon 25,000 miles long to reach clear around the earth.

Very few men have ever circumferenced the earth.

The earth is stuck up on two poles.

The earth has many revolutions—a daily and a yearly revolution, the Spanish revolution, the American revolution and others.

It constantly keeps rolling and gathers considerable moss.

Night is caused by the selfish Chinese, who keep the daylight to themselves and don't think of other people.

The earth waltzes around the sun once in 365 days, without getting tired and sitting down.

The north pole always points to the north star, but I never could see any thing very particular in the north star that it should always be pointing at it.

The circles of the earth are divided into degrees. A murder near the equator would be murder in the first degree, a little further away it would be murder in the second degree, and a little further still it would be manslaughter, or woman-slaughter, as the case might or might not be.

The equator is a circle running around loose about the earth at all points equally distant from the poles—it took a good deal of trouble to get it in the right place, too, for the weather there was warm and it warped considerably.

The earth is sawn into two parts, or cut with a knife, I don't know which, and each part is one-half. They are called eastern and western hemispheres. But one part has the most water, and the other the most land—as any of you little boys in dividing an apple would cut the part that has the most rotten on for your playmate. You know how it is yourselves.

You all know what polar circles are; you have seen them running around bar-bor-poles.

The days and nights at the poles are each six months long. Three hundred and sixty-five of them would make a pretty fat year, and it would be a long time for you to wait for Christmas.

The temperate zone is the one in which we live. Temperate means mild, moderate. The temperate zones is where they don't take it so mild or moderate.

The climate of the torrid zone is chuck full of hot weather and tied up.

The climate of the frigid zones is full of refrigerators blowing about.

The earth's surface is not equally divided; most everybody got more of it than I did. It is divided into continents, potato-patches, countries, bean-fields, kingdoms, town lots, States, brick-yards, etc.

Indeed the earth would be a nice thing to put in your pocket and walk around big.

The map of the United States upon which I love to look and w sh I owned, is painted red because it was originally owned by the red-men.

I can look all over it at a glance, without a telescope.

The mountains on this map are not very high; they had to make them low because they might get knocked off some way from the map.

My boot would cover the whole State of New York, and New Jersey would crawl in the hole in the toe.

The seas on both sides hold the United States together.

The United States runs up against Canada, but don't run up against it hard enough to knock it out of its place and take in its territory.

The lower part of the U. S. rests on Mexico, but it is as much as Mexico can do to hold it up. Pretty soon it will give out, and the United States will fall down over it.

They couldn't make the rivers on this map very wet on account of the paper on which the map is printed not being impervious to water.

Lake Superior had to be made very shallow or it would go clear down through the paper and all spill out.

Alaska belongs to the U. S., but I won't bring it down until some very warm day.

Florida, you will notice, is doing her very best to reach over and grab Cuba, but she can't just yet.

I cast my eyes on California. If I had only a pick and shovel I would immediately dig for gold. Why haven't I got them? A bear dropped from my eye just now and spread nearly all over Utah Territory. I am very sorry indeed, for it will drown out all the Mormons, and I'll be responsible.

You will observe that the wideness of the width of the U. S. is not equal to the length of its length, or in other words the broadness of its breadth is shorter than its lengthitude, or terms to that effect.

But you little children are straining your eyes out, trying to find recess on the map, which isn't there, and if you keep on this way you won't know much more about geography than I do.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Woman's World.

### THE DELICIOUS ART.

Not painting, or ornamentation, nor coquetry, nor how to make birds sing, nor how to catch humming-birds, but how to send summer into winter by imprisoning summer fruits and making them serve us all the long, dreary winter, when all Northland is doomed to a diet of potatoes, turnips and cabbage. How to break the monotony of such a feast, and to give the "tender" titillation of the tropics to the tongue and taste in January. This is surely a delicious art—one that our smart American women will not be slow to learn, and that the SATURDAY JOURNAL will be pleased to teach.

The ordinary method of *canning* fruit proceeds upon the principle of preservation by first cooking and then sealing in air-tight vessels. This is now so generally adopted that no larder is considered supplied that has not its cans of peaches, berries, tomatoes, plums, etc. But, excellent as such canned fruits are, they are necessarily expensive, and economical housekeepers are not slow to adopt other modes of saving the summer good things by drying, "preserving" and packing. To these there is another process which, by *glatinizing* the fruit, gives a new form to the food, but a most appetizing and useful one, and this is the way it is done, for berries of any kind:

Put sugar over the fire, at the rate of half a pound to the pound of berries, add a little water; when hot, take fruit in a skimmer and dip it into the sugar, holding it there for half a minute, perhaps; then take it out and spread it on tins. Go through the whole lot in this way; then boil down the sugar to a thick sirup, and pour it over the fruit; set the tins either in the sun or in a hot oven until the berries are dried through in gelatinous cakes; when thoroughly dry, put the cakes in a bag and hang it up out of the way. The cakes will keep as long as wanted, and may be taken for the table in a few minutes by the addition of a little hot water or more sugar, if necessary.

The beauty of this method is that the flavor of the fruit is retained, while there is no danger of its spoiling by fermentation. Fruits, when preserved in the usual way, pound for pound, are made too sweet, and lose their distinctive flavor, so much so that they become like a piece of leather dipped in sugar, and one can hardly see or taste the difference. Besides, without care, preserves are apt to ferment and spoil, as every good housewife knows to her sorrow.

The "Tomato Fig" is a most unique and truly delicious form in which to put the "Love Apple," as the tomato was called before it was known to be fit for food—for, strange as it may seem, it was grown for years as an ornamental plant or garden novelty, and its edible quality was recognized only at a comparatively recent date. The "fig" is prepared as follows:

Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in order to remove the skins; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the sirup and boil and skim it until no scum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days as before; then boil and skim again. After the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not, let them stand in the sirup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

How to preserve the larger fruits, we will tell, in our next issue.

## Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future edition.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or times; second, upon excellence of MS., as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving of each page a wide margin, giving, in full, the title or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We must say no to: "Francisco Domingual," "Poly," "Mammy Rachel's Story," "Smuggler's Last Cruise," "Trapper's Last Shot," "A Marriage of Convenience," "A Patch of Roses," "The Widow's Revenge," "Old John's Story," "The Cross-wind's Story," "A Pirate," "The Little Belle's Conquest," "Mustang Bob," "A Lost Cache."

We use: "Little Pet," "When I Am Dead," "Our Daisy," "Unconscious," "I Have no Home," "Walking the Plank," "Daphne," "Spirit," "The Unwilled Heart," "A Gross Blunder."

John H., Philadelphia, "Injun Dick" will appear before long.

F. W. Cleveland, Write to post-master of New Bedford. The best information will be obtained through him.

A. H. I. Joe Jot, Jr.'s address is, for the present, from the site of Homer's Troy. Only association with Homer could make such a poet as Joe certainly is.

C. D. R., Kemberton, Pa. We do not publish poems for authors, in volumes. All matter admitted to our lists must be for one or more weeks.

CIVILIAN, Richmond, Va. We do not comprehend your question. If you are on the negative of a debate how can we help you to "points" without knowing what the question is?

DATUM, South Boston. We can supply complete sets of this paper for the last year.—A good catarrh remedy is to syringe the nose daily with a weak solution of carbolic acid.

FRANCIS S. S. can not use the sketch. It is much too imperfect as a composition, although the incident is quite good enough to be narrated. If you wish to write for the press you must learn the art of composition.

C. STAR. Simply iron out the hat to the original shape. If it is soiled it must first be bleached.

JENOE. Your algebraic proposition is absurd, as no values are given to any of the factors. Brass and plated ware are polished by whiting, rubbed on with chamols or soft deer-skin.

B. K. Will try and use the poems, making slight changes in one or two instances. The JOURNAL is always happy to give place to poems of good promise. Your prose we may not use.

MARCUS S. Salt rheum is a blood disease, and to be treated successfully must be eradicated from the blood. It is a form or condition of scrofula. Some mineral waters are said to be curative.

CONSTANT READER. A torn "greenback" is redeemed, but deduction is made for the portion torn away in proportion to the quantity gone. Send to U. S. Treasury Department, Wash. D. C. A Colt's revolver is good—so are the Smith and Wesson and the Remington revolver. The choice is a mere matter of taste and convenience. Your share of the price—Dick Talbot has appeared in "Overland Kit," "Rocky Mountain Rob," and "Kentuck, the Sport," and will appear in "Injun Dick," soon to be given.

CONSTANT READER (No. 2). The wild horse is found in all north-western Texas. These horses can be bought in Texas, from the corrales, for about fifty dollars each. In Texas, where the range along the frontier is as you can catch it—from nothing to a dollar a day. San Antonio or Waco are both good points for information and contact with the horse-buffers.

A GOOD TEMPLAR. The last census gave all the data necessary to estimate the mere money cost of liquor consumed in this country. For the year 1870 it was as follows: Imported and domestic distilled and spirituous liquors, \$1,344,000,000; brewed and fermented liquors, \$123,000,000; imported wines, \$15,000,000; domestic wines, \$1,000,000; total, \$1,487,000,000. An incredible sum indeed, yet as true as figures can make it. Well may the Good Templars say, "Good Lord Deliver Us." ALARA M. B., Avoca. Your canary-bird should have clean water in the bath-dish and drinking-cup twice a day. The room ought not to be warmer than 90 degrees. As a rule, sugar is not good food for the bird; give a lump about once a week. Its best food is seed, fresh and dry. Keep the cage out of the draught, and never allow the smoke of tobacco to reach the pet; it is a deadly poison. Your bird should be fed on a painted cage, as the bird sometimes picks off the paint and sickens. The cuttle-fish must always dry before being used. The cage should be filled every morning. Follow these rules and your pet will prosper.

HUSBAND writes us that his wife "snores horribly," and is desirous of knowing why it is that one snores! Snoring is the air rushing through the passages that lead from the mouth through the nostrils, which, when one is awake, certain muscular contractions admit a broad stream of air, but in sleeping the nervous control over them is withdrawn, and they are left to the action of the air through them, which sets them vibrating and causes the disagreeable noise.

BESSIE BUNCE writes: "I was told that tulips grow on trees; and upon disputing the fact, was called a 'little fool.' Please inform me whether I deserved the epithet. Do tulips grow on trees? Your informant was correct, but extremely rude. There is a tree called a 'tulip tree,' that grows in this section of country. It is a deciduous tree, with a straight trunk, and it bears a large pale-yellow flower, in size and shape like a tulip. This tree is very common in all the Middle States."

LILLIAS, Port Jervis. "A capital summer breakfast-dish is *fricandeau*. They make a delicious relish, and can be nearly prepared the night before. Chop a tea-cupful of cold veal, beef, lamb or mutton; season with butter and salt and one beaten egg. Soak a large slice of bread in boiling milk, and mix with the meat and egg. Make it into round cakes like sausages, and broil on a gridiron over a fire or pork-dripping. Make a gravy of butter and milk and a little flour, and pour over them, or eat without. We thank you for interest in the JOURNAL, and its readers."

YOUNG MACHINIST. Fulton took out his first patent for a "steamboat" in 1809. The first steamers to cross the Atlantic were the *Sirius* and *Great Western*, both in 1830. It was not until 1832 that the first railroad of any considerable length was constructed in this country. In the same year the first successful steam locomotive was run. It was in 1845 that Elias Howe took out his first patent for a sewing machine. The patent for vulcanizing India rubber was first taken out in 1838. In the great inventions, American ingenuity and skill were pioneers and leaders.

OLD DADDY RICE, Marion Center. "Corn-doctors"

## UNCONFESED.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

The lingering echo of a word  
When weeping thou from me didst part,  
In dreams of thee is often heard—  
Resounding loudly in my heart;  
And then I feel each painful throes  
I feel upon that very eve  
When lonely I was left in woe,  
And thou from me didst turn to leave.

It is a charmed, saddening spell,  
In which the heart's deep yearnings wake,  
When lingering echoes of farewell  
The quietude of hearts must break;  
And oh, it flew with weary wing,  
Though silver-toned was its soft sound,  
A sadder tone than it could bring  
Was in its lingering echo found.

Sad was the voice that farewell spoke,  
And bright the sparkling tears that fell;  
But from that echo, oh, there broke  
Something far sadder than farewell.  
While mingling memories of thee  
In hope's immortal wreath are twined,  
Forgotten it shall never be,  
A welcome place it there shall find.

Lone in the dreariness of night—  
When birds are hushed within their nest,  
And when the fading hues of light  
Are dying in the distant west—  
Watched upon the evening air,  
Sweet as a flower's hydromel,  
Is the memory of a care,  
The echo of thy last farewell.

I felt the pressure of thy hand,  
Thou slowly, trembling didst withdraw—  
Laid in mine through thy heart's command;  
I never then felt radiant ere they crept  
I knew thy heart a word contained  
Which thou in accents couldst not tune,  
And hidden, smothered it remained,  
It might have proved a precious boon.

Dost thou too often think of this,  
When pillowed lies thy resting head,  
And dreams of unforgetten bliss  
Recall the words thou wouldst have said  
Had not the thrill of parting grief  
Of one whom thou dost still adore  
Breathed comfort for thy soul's relief,  
Enshrouded it there forevermore?

I saw the tears so willing wept  
By thy fair eyes of mournful brown,  
Whose lashes held them ere they crept  
Thy cheeks of snow and crimson down;  
And as my eyes the luster caught  
Of thy dark hair in braids,  
My soul, with admiration fraught,  
Could not dream of a sadder maid.

Thy form, I see it vanish yet,  
Mid somber shadows of the night;  
Thine image I will ne'er forget—  
Though gone, 'tis ever in my sight.  
And still the sound will come to me  
Of that last word which sadly fell,  
When I in pleading questioned thee,  
Thou couldst have said more than farewell.

## The Moor-Captives:

OR,  
THE ADVENTURES OF THREE YOUNG LADIES.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE PURSUIT.

NEXT day Sir Thomas Harcourt determined, in utter desperation, to have an interview with Lionel.

He could not but believe that the young sailor was in the scheme.

It did not appear possible that a girl like Kate could have carried out so energetic a plot.

Lionel Montague received his visitor with cool and provoking indifference.

"Run away, have they?" he said. "Well, I am not surprised. When a man violates every code of honor, and from a guardian becomes a tyrant and a brute, what can you expect?"

"Boy, beware! I am not a man to be provoked for nothing," replied the baronet.

"But I am not a boy, as you well know; I am a man; and, thank Heaven, free from your power and influence," coolly rejoined Lionel.

"You will not tell me where these foolish girls have hid themselves?"

"I will not."

"Then you know where they are?" he continued, white with passion.

"I have every reason to believe them safe," he answered, "and I shall not betray them."

"That jade, Kate, has some hand in this," observed the baronet.

"Sir Thomas Harcourt, when you speak of the lady I intend to make my wife, please to do so with proper respect," said Lionel, in a frigid tone.

"Your wife, sir?" responded the baronet, starting back, both amazed and annoyed.

"Yes, my affianced wife, and, as such, one whom I expect everybody to mention with courtesy and respect."

"Miserable fortune-hunter," cried the baronet, dashing out of the room, and ordering his carriage to be driven to the house of Mrs. O'Byrne.

"Where's Miss O'Byrne?" he said, entering the drawing-room with scant ceremony.

"Heaven!" cried the startled lady, "is she not at your house?"

"No. What does it all mean? Has she eloped with the other two girls?" roared the irate baronet.

"Eloped! Great Heaven! what is the meaning of all this?" cried the lady.

Sir Thomas explained.

"That young whelp, Lionel, is at the bottom of it all," he added. "He tells me that he is engaged to be married to your daughter."

"Some silly boy and girl nonsense of the kind did pass, but wholly against my will. But surely she has not been foolish enough to run away with him?" said the mother, alarmed at the prospect of a very much diminished income.

"He does not deny knowing where they are, but refuses to give any information. He must be watched. Mrs. O'Byrne, you must be frank and truthful in the matter. You really know nothing?"

"I was always frank and truthful with you," sneered Mrs. O'Byrne. "Had you been the baronet instead of the younger son, I should have married you."

"I am aware of your kind intentions that way," said Sir Thomas, "but at the present time I prefer marrying your daughter. But sparring is not our game just at present. If these three mad girls get away and find some officious idiot to make them wards in chancery, we are ruined."

"How ruined?" gasped the lady.

"I have no money left. Under solemn promises of securing them the fortunes of my wards, I have obtained money from Lord Ravensbourne and Sir Charles; the former has exhausted his resources; the latter is unwilling to part with the residue of his possessions."

"And my annuity?" gasped the poor lady.

"Is gone, unless you recover your daughter. You know our bargain—two thousand a year for life, in exchange for your influence with Kate," continued the baronet.

"Am I to be left to starve?" she cried.

"It appears so. I have no immediately available means; at all events, if we keep quiet and say nothing, you have unlimited credit. I believe you occasionally sign your daughter's name to checks," he added, with a cold-blooded sneer.

"Sir Thomas!" she faintly ejaculated.

"At all events, some one does," he continued; "I have them all from the bank."

"But you will not betray me?" she said.

"I am sure it was only to save Kate the trouble."

"Get Kate back, insure my marriage with her, and you shall have these little proofs of indiscretion at your own disposal," he answered.

With which words he left the room, and rushed off to his club to meet his two confederates.

"I'll call him out," cried my lord of Ravensbourne, alluding to Lionel.

"You can call spirits from the vasty deep," replied Sir Charles, "but will they come?"

"Better have him watched," observed Sir Thomas; "keep somebody on his track."

"I know. John Coyne, a reputed sleuth-hound, an old Bow street officer."

"Hem!" put in the colonel; "rather a pert fellow."

"By the way, what about money?" suddenly cried Lord Ravensbourne. "I have not the small sum of one half-penny, and John Coyne will not move under ten guineas."

"Until quarter day, I am equally impecunious," said Sir Thomas.

"Now, really, this is too bad," put in the colonel, who was sipping brandy and water and smoking a cigar; "I know what all this means. You fellows want a check."

"Well, for a day or two," began my lord.

"You will be amply repaid," said Sir Thomas.

The young guardsman rose, put on his hat, and led the way to his chambers.

Idle, dissolute, and ready for anything to replenish his exchequer, there was a healthier tone in this man than in either of his confederates.

They were utterly selfish and unprincipled, while he was one of those men who, while they have any thing of their own, would share it without a thought.

On reaching his chambers, he ordered some champagne to be put on the table, and devising, plotting and scheming, the hours passed away.

About two o'clock John Coyne, the retired Bow street officer, was ushered in.

The young lieutenant walked down to the Admiralty, took his final instructions, and strange to say, walked to the coach office, secured one place by the six o'clock coach, dined in the neighborhood, and started for Southampton.

Meanwhile, the detective enjoyed himself, thoroughly.

He ordered a rump steak and onions, wrote a letter, *quies* for his poor mother, and went out to post it.

He never without some hangers-on waiting round the corner, and a quarter of an hour later Lord Ravensbourne had a letter.

About eight, Mr. John Coyne grew uneasy. The time for departure was unpleasantly near, and no lieutenant.

Half-past eight and the detective became very miserable.

The two places had been carefully booked, but why was the young officer so late?

Ten minutes to nine, and Mr. John Coyne rushed round to the coach office.

Hanging about the premises, were Sir Thomas, my lord, and the colonel.

Mr. John Coyne explained.

"Something wrong," urged Sir Thomas; "you had better speak to the coachman."

Mr. John Coyne did, and was told that Lieutenant Lionel Montague had taken his departure at six, with his compliments to the able seaman, *alias* steward, and if he liked to follow, he might.

"Sold!" cried Sir Thomas.

The detective looked very much as if he could commit an assault, but he restrained himself, hiding his mortification as much as possible.

"Nothing lost," said my lord, "let us follow. He will never think of starting in the night."

So it came to pass, that the whole four started that night for Southampton, which place they reached about two o'clock in the morning.

They drove to the residence of the port-admiral, who was entertaining a few friends.

Lord Ravensbourne and his companions, noted personages as they were, met with a cordial reception.

"By the way," said Sir Thomas, after some unnecessary verbiage, "my nephew Lionel is in your town."

ner, went on board with an order signed Descartes, for the yacht to start for the island of Malta, and to take on board "my nephew Charles, and any friends he may select."

It was a grand way of carrying out a daring plan at little or no expense.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ON THE WAVES.

LIONEL MONTAGUE had seen through the detective at once.

He knew that Sir Thomas would exert himself in every way to prevent the escape of his wards.

When, therefore, a strange man, with very little of the manners and appearance of a genuine sailor, applied to him, he had his suspicions.

A few words with the landlord of the hotel satisfied him as to the identity of the personage.

His mind was made up at once.

He hurried off to the Admiralty, got his papers, and being something of a favorite with the secretary, got him to telegraph for the Argosy to leave as soon as ever her commanding officer was on board.

Lionel allowed no grass to grow under his feet.

He went to the hotel where Mrs. Bacon had taken up her abode, and found that, with her young charges, she was at the port-admiral's.

Hastening there, he intimated his wish for them to go on board at once, and his wishes were commands.

Twenty minutes before the arrival of Sir Thomas in Southampton, the gun-brig was under way.

About ten o'clock on the following day, all passengers were on deck.

In addition to Mrs. Bacon and her three young charges, there were two other passengers, one of whom was a captain in the army, the other a civilian, well known as an explorer and traveler.

Captain Thomson was one of those big, stout, burly men, with huge whiskers, large brown eyes, and who appear to have, somehow, enlarged hearts.

His warm affections once in question, he never retreated.



"They are on our track, but I will defy them," said Lionel.

Sir Charles was by this time intoxicated, and when Lord Ravensbourne asked for a check, was wholly unable to write one.

"But you can write one," said the colonel, with a hiccup; "they won't know the difference."

"Well, no."

My Lord of Ravensbourne was good at imitating other people's hands, and sent a messenger to the bank for the money.

When Mr. John Coyne left, he had twenty in his pocket, and the balance was detained by the *roue* nobleman.

"I will look after him. He must be a keen blade who deceives me," said the detective, with all the self-satisfied reliance of his class.

Mr. John Coyne went straight to a well-known costumer, in Bow street, and there rigged himself out as a sailor.

Having thus provided an introduction to the young naval officer—there is a Freemasonry between seamen of all ranks—he started for the hotel and inquired for the lieutenant.

"Tell him an able seaman wants to ask a favor of him," said the detective.

He was soon ushered into the gentleman's room, who received him with his usual affability.

"And what can I do for you, my man?" began the lieutenant.

"Well, your honor, I've heard tell of your ship, and as how you never wants for volunteers. I'm out of collar—I've a widowed mother to keep, a wife and four children."

"I dare say a good man would be welcome. You can go down to Southampton by the coach to-night. One volunteer is better than six pressed men," replied Lionel.

"Thanks, your honor. Will you give me a bit of writing?"

"By the way, I'm going down myself to-night, after I've been to the Admiralty. You can go with me, if you like. I should say you would make a good steward."

"Quite in my line, sir."

"I should say so. Well, I've several lady passengers, and I want a useful steward. James," to a waiter, "let this man have whatever he requires. He will go down to Southampton with me to-night."

"Shall I book two places by the night mail?" replied the waiter.

"Yes. There is one at six, and one at nine; book for the latter."

"Very well, sir," said the waiter, taking his money, and ushering the sham sailor to the inferior part of the hotel, usually occupied by servants.

"He was, my dear fellow," replied the port-admiral, advancing to a window. "But he is not now. Yonder is his ship."

"Sailed!"

"Yes, the young dog. Three such pretty girls on board, under the chaperonage of Mrs. General Bacon, delightful woman."

The response was more energetic than polite.

"But what has he done?" asked the admiral.

"Run away with my ward," replied Sir Thomas. "Cannot be stopped?"

"Not by the whole channel fleet," said the admiral, dryly. "Special orders to start at once."

"I'll hunt him to the end of the world," cried Sir Thomas Harcourt.

"I'll shoot him dead," stammered my lord.

"Odd fellow, what can he want with three girls?" said Sir Charles, surveying himself through his eye-glass, in an opposite mirror.

"There must be some reason for his acting in this manner," urged the admiral. "Most charming girls—and one his sister."

"Good night," said Sir Thomas, who was too indignant to keep his temper. "He shall suffer for this, the infernal young—"

"Smartest officer in his majesty's service," replied the admiral, dryly.

To this, no answer was made, and shortly after the trio, with the detective, found themselves at a hotel.

Furious indeed was the rage of all, but for some little time no plan suggested itself. In fact, no feasible plan was hit upon until next day.

"Sir Thomas," said the detective, after breakfast, "I owe this young lieutenant one."

"You do," was the sneering reply; "he was two too many for you."

"Well, I've got an idea."

"The Earl of Descartes is your uncle, Sir Charles, I believe?" retorted the detective.

"Yes, what of that?"

"His yacht is in the harbor; he himself is in Italy. It is the swiftest and best yacht in England. The Argosy is the slowest old tub in the service."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Sir Charles. "The earl does me the honor to dislike me."

"Never mind," said my lord, sharply, "we'll have that yacht. Just make inquiries, Coyne, as to how soon it can start."

"Expecting orders every hour."

"Then there is not a moment to lose," cried Lord Ravensbourne.

And with a strange glitter in his eyes, and a snake-like smile, he left the room.

One hour later, John Coyne, Bow street run-

For him, love meant chivalrous fidelity, complete devotion, unquestioned belief in the person he loved or esteemed.

William Ashurst, the traveler, was an enthusiast; a young man, who, with an ample fortune, devoted himself to discovering new outlets for commerce, and above all for civilization.

"A fine position, Lionel," said Captain Thomson. "Captain and king of all you survey; and with three such charming ladies on board. Suppose you won't introduce a fellow?"

"With the utmost pleasure," replied the young naval officer, laughing; "only you are such a general favorite."

"But you don't want them all three," said the large-hearted Saxon.

"One is engaged to me, the second is my sister, the third my cousin," smiled Lionel. "Ladies, allow me to introduce my friends, Captain Thomson, and Mr. William Ashurst."

"Very pleasant beginning of a long voyage," said the captain, who really did not know what to say, so timid was he in the society of ladies.

"I hope we shall find the journey pleasant in every way," added the traveler.

"If the weather is like this," replied Edith, "we shall be agreeably surprised."

"Is that another ship?" said Kate, who had been looking to the northward.

"It is another vessel," replied Lionel, "and rather a smart sailer."

"It's a yacht," put in his lieutenant. "I know it well; it's Lord Descartes' Sea Swallow."

Lionel bit his lip.

"Sir Charles' cousin," he whispered to Kate; "they are on our track. But never mind, even if they had the Lord Chancellor on board, I will defy them."

"Pursued already!" she cried.

"Yes, and by those who will have no mercy if they have the power," continued Lionel.

"Fellow seems going our way," said Captain Percival Thomson.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Lionel, gravely; "one word with you."

And drawing them away into the cabin, he told them all that the reader already knows.

"Heaven! what an unmitigated scoundrel," cried the gallant captain.

"A merciless sinner!" exclaimed William Ashurst, quietly. "I would rather die than give them up to his authority."

"He shall reach them over my body," said Lionel, gravely. "But it is better to ignore what power he may have. Crack on stunsails, Morgan."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

They were on deck again, and the ladies, seated near the companion-way, were soon joined by the gentlemen.

Both the captain and the traveler felt redoubled interest in them now.

Captain Thomson seemed particularly attracted by Edith, while the traveler was undoubtedly fascinated by Jessie.

These two girls, fair and delicate-minded in the extreme, were still unconventional.

"This was a great charm. It is in woman."

"The strange vessel is gaining on us," said one of the old salts. "Pears to me she wants to speak us."

"She may want," said the first lieutenant.

Lionel, as acting lieutenant in command, was called captain.

Every one almost knew that the commanding officer wanted to avoid the yacht, and everything that seamanship could do was done to urge the gun-brig to its utmost speed.

"She's a frightful old tub," said Lionel, as he saw the yacht was gaining on them.

"I thought her tolerably swift," replied Captain Thomson.

"Yes, as compared to merchant vessels. But that is a clipper—half American, I believe," replied Lionel. "I tell you what, Mr. Morgan, we must give her the go-by in the night, or she will overhaul us."

"But what have you to fear?" inquired his subordinate, in a hesitating tone.

"A writ from the Lord Chancellor. If I am ordered to give up my passengers, I, as an officer under government, must obey."

"True, true; well, we can run upon another tack. There is no moon until eleven," replied the young officer.

"Good; then while we are at supper change her course. Let me see—south-west will do. When I come on deck, I will return her to her usual course," said Lionel.

A very pleasant friendly party met at supper that night.

The girls were in all the flush and excitement of their escape, their male friends were agreeable and pleasant.

Lionel, secure of his mistress, the darling of his heart, was a good caterer, and allowed none of his real uneasiness to become apparent.

"What could Sir Thomas do," asked Kate, after some general conversation, "should he be on board the yacht?"

"Nothing now; but the moment we put into any port, the law would be on his side," replied Lionel.

"And would you give us up to him?"

"Yes, unless—" and he hesitated.

"Unless what?"

"Well," whispered Lionel, "he could not take my wife away from me."

Kate looked down and blushed.

"You know what I told my mother," she faltered.

"I scarcely recollect."

"I will not marry him until I am of age, without your consent, mamma; but I will never marry any one else," she urged.

"Then I suppose I must give you up to him," he said, in a dubious tone of voice.

"Besides, my husband is well known, and I would not have taken them from legal custody unless for good reasons," said Mrs. Bacon.

"Rather a queer-looking craft coming up," observed Lieutenant Morgan, in a low tone.

"I don't like the look of her at all."

"What is it?" asked Lionel, in the same tone.

"A Barbary cruiser, alias a pirate, and a large one too," continued Morgan.

"She won't tackle one of his majesty's gunboats," cried the young commander.

"I don't know that," said Morgan; "they have done some very audacious things lately. I should not be too sure."

"We won't beat to quarters," replied Lionel, "but pass the word round for every one to be ready."

"And keep the ladies out of sight as much as possible," urged Morgan. "If they see them, they are sure to fight."

Lionel was very grave as he walked across the deck to where the ladies stood, and asked them into the cabin to lunch.

It was a very miserable time to him, but he concealed his feelings as much as possible.

Presently Morgan came down, ostensibly for a glass of wine, but his look was sufficient.

"Keep company with the ladies, while I see to some details about the ship," he said.

Then he went on deck.

The cruiser was only two miles off, had hoisted the crescent, and was bearing directly down upon them. She fired a gun.

"Beat to quarters," said Lionel; "we must fight."

Now gunboats were not particularly well manned, and the Barbary corsair was a large and well-manned vessel.

Still, no English man-of-war ever yet surrendered without a contest.

At the tap of the drum every man was in his place.

The ladies came running on deck, followed by Polly Snapper.

"And what are you beating a drum for?" cried Mrs. Bacon, sharply.

"I am sorry to say, ladies, that you must return below. Yonder impudent fellow wants to stop us on the king's highway."

"A pirate?"

"An Eastern slaver, which is the same thing," replied Lionel. "But we shall beat the rascal off."

And taking Kate by the hand, he led her back to the cabin, advising all the ladies to assume recumbent positions, as by that means they would be below the water mark, and thus safe from all missiles.

"Be brave, my Kate," whispered Lionel; "I shall have you in my heart all the time."

"God bless and guard you."

In the hour of distress and peril, the captain and the traveler allowed the depth of their feelings to be displayed.

They parted with the young ladies as men who knew they were going into deadly peril. All then went on deck.

The two male passengers were armed with carbines, pistols and swords.

Both excelled in the use of all weapons.

The corsair fired the first volley, at once revealing her true character.

At once the English vessel responded.

But gallantly, splendidly, though the English fought, they were clearly outnumbered.

The crew of the pirate were four to one.

"What think you?" asked Lionel of Morgan, as he stood, bleeding from several wounds, on the deck.

"We can not strike," was the manly reply, "but we shall be overpowered."

"They will give no quarter, my men," shouted Lionel, as the corsair came alongside, and a mob of Moslems came yelling and shouting on the deck.

A fearful contest ensued, in which the English were crushed by excess of numbers.

Only when every officer lay bleeding on the deck, and the men were driven below, did the corsairs prevail.

A fearful shout of triumph then arose as the pirates rushed into the cabin.

Five English women made up a prize, indeed.

They were snatched up, each by one of the blackmoor crew, and carried on deck.

"A man-of-war close on board," roared one of the pirates in English—a treacherous renegade.

"Haul off," shouted the chief, in the same language; "leave the infernal dogs to sink."

Some of the ruffians had stove in the larboard streak.

The corsair spread all sail, and hastened to put itself a safe distance from the fresh man-of-war.

One fight with an English cruiser in one day was enough.

As soon as the corsairs were clear away, the gallant remnant of the crew burst on deck, and finding the ship sinking, hoisted a reversed ensign.

The frigate, such as it was, put out all its boats, and dashed for the gunboat.

Killed, wounded, and survivors were taken out.

Just in time, for ten minutes later the Argosy sunk beneath the waves.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE SLAVE DEALER.

THE RUSH of the Moslem corsairs and their renegade adherents on board had been so sudden, and their capture of the women so rapid and unexpected, that the females were in a state of utter bewilderment.

They were cast into a tolerably well-furnished cabin before they could speak.

Even here, the turmoil of mind was so great, that for some minutes they looked at each other without uttering a word.

"Heaven!" suddenly cried Mrs. Bacon, a self-possessed woman of the world, "what can it all mean?"

"What can they want with us?" chorused the young ladies.

"The dirty wretches," exclaimed Polly Snapper. "I wish I could only get hold of the black savage who carried me on board."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Bacon, more calmly, "that we have fallen into the hands of one of those corsairs who supply the courts of the barbarian monsters with wives."

"I will die rather," cried Edith, who was now deadly pale.

"Let any man try to marry me against my will," said Kate; "I'd—I'd—"

"Surely, they are not such monsters," exclaimed Jessie.

"My dear girls," said Mrs. Bacon, gravely, "you must all nerve yourselves for the worst. These wretched believers in Mohammedism also believe that we women have no souls—are mere toys and playthings of the other sex."

"I'd plaything them," muttered Polly.

"They will have little regard for tears or supplications," continued Mrs. Bacon, who was a very handsome woman of about thirty-five. "I am too old to fear the blandishments of these tyrants, but would advise you to try haughty repulsion rather than the ordinary weakness of

our sex, which, with gentlemen and men of honor, is our strength."

"Much better have stopped in England," said Polly.

"No!" cried Edith, whose countenance was beaming with enthusiasm, whose eyes were lighted up by a kind of holy and enthusiastic fire. "Heaven will surely protect three innocent girls."

"Besides, you are rich, and they may consent to accept a handsome ransom," cried Mrs. Bacon, willing to arouse their hopes.

This view of the matter was to a certain extent encouraging, and for a moment their own sorrows were forgotten in the woes of others.

"And our friends," cried Kate; "your brave brother. There seemed no one else on board the brig."

"All were killed, wounded or prisoners," replied Mrs. Bacon.

"What horrors we endured," added Edith; "and yet I never thought of defeat. Much I feared our people would suffer, but not that they would be defeated."

"Our vessel was manned only as a passenger ship; properly provided with men, she would have taken the corsair," urged Mrs. Bacon.

"We shall never see them again, I fear," said Jessie.

"Have courage," said Mrs. Bacon, a brave and clear-headed woman; "these Turks care much for money."

"The corsairs, who scour the seas, to the great disgrace of such powers as England and France, are actuated only by the love of self."

"If they can get more by ransoming you, rely upon it, they will not sell you into slavery."

All this appeared very consolatory, and gave the girls a small modicum of courage.

They, however, could not help, in their own minds, feeling a considerable amount of dread at a future so blank and threatening.

Two hours later a man entered, a renegade, who cast a number of veils and wraps on the ground before them.

He was an unmistakable European, despite his costume.

"Put on these, and mind you conceal your faces," he said, dryly.

"Heaven, you are English! Tell us what we have to fear!" cried the girls.

"I was English once until misfortune brought me hither. I am a Turk now, and have the heart of a Turk," he said, glowering at them.

"What have you to fear? Nothing, I should say, except to be petted and made much of while your beauty lasts."

"Better death—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" he said, with a bitter laugh. "Many a lovely and innocent maiden has said the same before you, and yet lived to become the honored mother of the pasha's children."

"You may retire," said Mrs. Bacon, loftily; "your directions shall be obeyed."

The man simply grinned and went out, leaving the unhappy prisoners to prepare for landing.

Many and wretched were the prisoners made in a similar way.

Ships bound for Malta, Greece, and the Mediterranean, passed up the Gut of Gibraltar and were never heard of again.

The ships were scuttled, the crew and passengers made prisoners or massacred, and no tidings ever reached their unfortunate families.

In a few minutes the man returned, and glancing at them, saw they were well wrapped up, and their faces properly concealed.

He bade them follow him. Lamps had long been lighted by a slave, and it was dark night on deck.

Nothing could be seen but a confused mass of vessels, and in the distance peculiar-looking houses.

A large boat, with an awning over the stern-sheets, awaited them, and as soon as they were seated, pulled away for shore.

The sailors were as silent as if they had been mutes. When the boat was hauled up, a strange-looking carriage, drawn by bullocks, awaited them.

A man, armed with pistols and scimitar, motioned to them to enter. In a few minutes they passed under a Moorish archway into a courtyard, where several female slaves assisted them to alight.

They were ushered into a large room with many windows, now concealed by blinds, but no other furniture, save couches, which served as seats by day and beds by night.

All cast themselves wearily down, and the three unhappy girls burst into tears.

"Courage, courage," said Mrs. Bacon, kindly; "you must not give way thus, my children. Hush! some one comes."

It was first a black slave, with gleaming white teeth, of the one race which is allowed in the harems of the rich and noble, to which we cannot more particularly allude.

Behind him came women with trays of sweetmeats, coffee, and little cakes of millet.

They were placed before the women with significant gestures, and then they went out without a word.

To be continued—commenced in No. 230.

## Little Lola:

### OR, LOST IN NEW YORK.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE "MARQUIS" LOVED ESSIE TROY.

THE closet in which the old man lay was quite a large one, and was used by Mr. Tremaine as a receptacle for all his papers.

"He was evidently in here when we entered the room," said Tremaine, "and not wishing to disturb us, remained an involuntary listener. The close air of the closet probably caused him to faint."

It was plain that Tremaine had guessed the truth, for the gas was burning in the closet, and the old man held, tightly clutched in his hand, a bundle of leaves.

"Do you think that he can have overheard what we have been saying?" asked Oswald.

"It is probable," answered Tremaine; "but I do not fear his mentioning it. He is not a gossip."

Then the two carried the old man out into the library and placed him in a chair. All efforts to revive the secretary were fruitless. But that they could feel that his heart still beat slowly, they would have thought him dead.

Tremaine summoned the servants, the old man was removed to his room, undressed and put to bed, and a messenger dispatched for the doctor.

Doctor Dornon came in haste, and after examining the old man announced that he was laboring under a serious attack of brain fever. Before the arrival of the doctor the old man had recovered his speech, but not his senses;

his words were wild and disordered. The doctor, listening attentively, could only catch one single sentence that seemed to have meaning in it; and that sentence the sick man muttered over and over again.

"Ace—black—all black—a spade to dig her grave!"

Such were the disjointed words of the old man.

The doctor scratched the side of his nose reflectively, a sign in him of deep thought.

"If he were a young man, I should say that he had been gambling; but, no, that isn't possible. There's a woman mixed up in it somehow; nothing wonderful in that; though; women are mixed up in every thing in this world."

"Ace," and a spade to dig her grave." Well, it's a mystery. And the doctor returned to the library.

"What is the matter with him, doctor?" asked Tremaine.

"A brain fever."

Father and son looked at each other in astonishment.

"He must have received some great shock, either physical or mental," continued the doctor. "Has any accident happened to him?"

"No; he was in the closet yonder when Oswald and I entered the room, and apparently not wishing to disturb us, kept silent, for we had no idea of his presence until he swooned and fell from his chair to the floor. I supposed that the closeness of the air of the closet caused his faintness."

"It's a most astonishing case. Never, in the whole course of my medical experience, have I known of a case of brain fever produced by a simple fainting-fit caused by bad air. Could he overhear your conversation in the closet?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Tremaine.

"Did you touch upon any matters likely to interest him in the least?"

"No."

The doctor looked puzzled.

"Well, I confess I can not understand it. If, as it appears, he has received no accident of a physical nature, then he must have received some strong mental shock, and the brain, gentlemen, is a ticklish organ to deal with. I feel quite interested in this gentleman's case. By the way, have you any idea how old he is?"

"Well, sixty, I should think," replied Tremaine, wondering at the question.

"You judge by his face and hair, eh?" said the doctor, quickly.

"Yes," answered Tremaine.

"He does look like sixty in the face, and yet I never saw such an arm as he has on a man of sixty in my life," said the doctor, decidedly.

"You think he is younger, then?"

"I don't know what to think," replied the doctor, doubtfully. "In the first place, here's a man goes into a raging brain fever—clean out of his head, apparently as mad as a March hare—simply because he happens to be shut up in a closet for a few minutes. Then again, this very same man has the frame and sinews of a Hercules, and an arm that would do credit to a prize-fighter. Not the sort of a man at all to be affected by any common accident. I feel quite an interest in his case. And with these words the doctor departed.

Tremaine and his son, thrilled to the heart by the affliction that had fallen so heavily upon them, felt but little interest in the words of the doctor, or in the cause of the secretary's illness, and the subject was instantly dismissed from their minds.

Essie had recovered from her swoon, undressed, gone to bed, and wept herself to sleep.

This was the first great affliction that had ever fallen upon the young girl, and amid her tears she asked the question of herself, if any other had ever been thus afflicted? And fully satisfied that death alone could relieve her misery, she sobbed herself to sleep. In sleep she forgot her sorrows. Ah, Essie! time is one great slumber in which we forget all things. Time cures the deepest sorrow, heals the most terrible wounds. In years we find forgetfulness; it is the Lethe of the fable in which we drown our remembrances.

After a restless night to all the principal members of the Tremaine household, morning came.

The secretary, Whitehead, was still unconscious. The doctor, who called early to see his patient, pronounced his case to be very dangerous and declared that the chances were against his recovering.

About ten in the morning Tremaine was somewhat astonished at receiving a message that a gentleman desired to see him in person on particular business.

"What sort of a looking person is it?" he asked.

A young man, quite a gentleman, sir," the servant answered.

"Did he give his name?"

"No, sir. I asked him for his name, but he said that it was useless for him to give it, because he was a stranger to you," answered the servant.

"Some genteel sharper, I suppose," said Tremaine. "John, tell this person to write his business. I am not in the habit of granting interviews to strangers."

The servant left the room, but in a few minutes he returned with a large card in his hand and a broad grin upon his face.

"He says, sir," said John, holding out the card, "that if you'll please to look at this card you'll understand the business that he comes about."

Tremaine took the card, considerably astonished at the strange message.

On the card was written "810 Fifth avenue."

"Why, that is my address," Tremaine said. And then turning the card over, in search of some solution to this odd mystery, the ace of spades stared him in the face.

In an instant the recollection of the card he had given Christine sixteen years before flashed upon him; the card that had indeed proved an omen of evil.

"What can this mean?" Tremaine muttered to himself, with a puzzled look. "Can this person have any connection with the past? Well, show him up, John," he said, aloud.

The servant withdrew, but in a few minutes returned conducting the "Marquis," who was the person who had sent the mysterious message.

"You may withdraw, John," said Tremaine to the servant, who stood discreetly at the door, waiting for orders.

The servant bowed, and left the room, closing the door behind him.

"Well, sir, your business with me?" asked Tremaine, gazing with curiosity into the handsome face of the young man, and detecting in that face a strange resemblance to some other face that he had seen.

But who the possessor of that face was he could not remember.

"That will require a short explanation, sir," said the "Marquis," with easy politeness.

"Proceed, sir," said Tremaine, vainly endeavoring to recall where he had seen the young man's face before, or if not his face, the face that it so strongly resembled.

"Do you remember the year 1852?" asked the "Marquis."

Tremaine started. His thought then was right; his visitor had some connection with the events of that terrible night.

"Yes, sir, I remember; but to what particular part of the year have you reference?"

"The night of the 20th of September."

Despite his self-control, Tremaine shuddered.

"I am about to speak of a terrible event that happened on that night," continued the young man; "of a woman killed by lightning and a child rendered motherless."

"Well, sir, what has this to do with me?" Tremaine asked. He saw plainly that by some means the young man had gained a knowledge of the events of the dreadful night, the memory of which, even now, after the long lapse of years, was full of pain to him. Yet he felt sure that his strange visitor could not possibly possess any clue to connect him with those terrible events.

"Only that you are the father of the motherless child."

Tremaine stared in astonishment. There was no trace of hesitation in the stranger's voice as he made the charge. He spoke like one fully confident.

"Possibly you have some proof of what you assert, or it will be difficult for you to make people believe your story," Tremaine said, slowly. He felt sure that he had guessed the object of the stranger's visit. By some unaccountable means he had become possessed of the history of that terrible night's transactions, and had come to levy blackmail as the price of silence.

"I see, sir," said Catterton, very politely, and with great respect in his manner, "that you do not understand why I have taken the liberty to call upon you. There is only one person in the world that I wish to impress with the belief that I speak the truth, and that person is yourself."

"Indeed!" Tremaine was bewildered.

"Yes, sir, and you know that I speak the truth when I say that you are the father of the girl known as Essie, and who is the daughter of Christine Averill. You will not deny this, when I tell you that I am the newsboy that placed the child in your arms that night, and who received a hundred dollars for that service. I followed you that night with the intent to find out who and what you were. I did not know your name, though I did know where you resided, for I heard the lady read the address on the card after you had written it. That is what prompted me—when you refused to see me just now—to send you a *fac-simile* of that card. You see, sir, I came prepared to be refused. As I have said, that night, I tracked you—with a bad intent. I own, sir, until I was thrown off the scent by your taking the cars at the Hudson River depot. But the very first thing the next morning I came here and found out your name. Since these events sixteen years have passed—"

"It is useless for me to deny the truth of what you have said," cried Tremaine, interrupting him. "I suppose that your visit to me this morning is for the purpose of levying blackmail; you wish me to buy your silence?"

"No, sir," returned the "Marquis," firmly, but respectfully, "I don't wish you to do any thing of the kind. True, I might come to you, and say: 'I know all about the night of September 20th, 1852. I know that this girl whom you call Essie Troy is in reality, Essie Averill. That she is your daughter; and that, possibly, if I were to make that fact known among your acquaintances, it might create considerable talk and submit the young lady—if not you—to some mortification. But I have no intention, sir, of doing any thing of the sort. I have called back the past, simply to show you that I was one of the actors in that past. I did you a service then; true, I was paid for it; but you are well aware, sir, that if I had asked you a thousand dollars for that infant you would have given it. Of course you are too old a man of the world, not to guess that I have some other object in making this call than simply to tell you that I am acquainted with a little of your past history. I own, frankly, that I have a favor to ask of you; but if you see fit not to grant that favor, I shall leave this house, take the secret concerning Miss Essie with me and keep it securely locked in my own breast as I have done for sixteen years."

Tremaine looked at the pale, quiet face of the "Marquis" with astonishment. That a man, who was evidently an adventurer, should possess such a secret, and yet not attempt to extort money as the price of silence, was indeed a wonder.

"Sir, I can hardly understand this riddle," said Tremaine.

"Do not try to," quietly replied the "Marquis," "let it remain a riddle. My motives for acting thus, will probably never be known. I love the girl, sir, that you have reared—whom you call Essie Troy—better than I do any thing else in this world, better than I do myself—and self-love you know is powerful, sir. But I would sooner give my right hand than have a single hour of gloom fall upon her young life."

"You are speaking very strangely, sir," cried Tremaine, in amazement.

"Yes, sir," returned the "Marquis," "because you do not know the reason that actuates me. That reason will never be known to any one in the world. Suffice it that it exists, and that I shall never do harm by word or deed to Miss Essie."

"And now, sir, what is this favor that you wish at my hands?"

"The loan, sir, of a thousand dollars—not a gift, mind, but a loan to be repaid. My way of life, sir, does not suit me. With the money I have, in addition to the thousand dollars loaned by you, I can start a good business and earn an honest living."

"But what assurance have I that this money will be repaid, and that this is not a blackmailing device?" asked Tremaine.

"At present, nothing but my word; but the moment I start in trade—I'm going to open a small book-store on Broadway—I'll give you a mortgage on my stock."

For a moment Tremaine looked into the face of the "Marquis," and in that face he

showed plainly how deeply he hated the young man.

"Say, old hoss, you promised me a dollar!" cried the newsboy.

"Here it is," and Bill handed the note to Shorty.

"I say, Shorty, ain't you a-goin' to treat?" asked Curly.

"Does your mother know you're out?" was the ambiguous response of the newsboy; and, without waiting for an answer to his question, he darted up the street and was soon busy crying his papers.

"Wot's your little game?" asked Curly.

"Just you wait a little while an' you'll see," replied Bill.

"I'll keep the hair on my head," by which expressive sentence, Curly intimated that he would wait.

"Say, Rocks, do you think you can play a perfect detective?" Bill asked.

"Well, I don't know, I ought to. I've seen a good deal of it," returned Curly, with a grin.

"You kin do it, I know. I'll tell you wot to say as we go along."

"Where are you goin'?"

"Up to Chatham Square. I want a back, an' Patsy Duke stands up there. He's all right, he is. Say, will you join in my little game?"

"You bet!" Curly replied, using the slang term from the far Pacific coast.

And so the pair of knaves walked slowly up to Chatham Square, Bill explaining his "little game" as they walked along.

Iola had just finished supper when the door-bell rung, and Mrs. Wiggins, going to the door, returned with the information that a man wanted to see Miss Thompson.

Iola could not imagine who it was, but went at once to the door. Upon perceiving the rough-looking man that stood there she hesitated in some little alarm. But as the landlady, Mrs. Wiggins, was close behind her, she knew that there could be no danger.

"Are you Miss Thompson?" asked the man, in quite a polite tone for one so rough as he.

"Yes, sir," answered Iola.

"Well, Miss, I am a detective officer; my name is Jones. There's a friend of yours—Mr. Catterton—got into trouble 'bout assaultin' a feller on Broadway, named English Bill. The other night, an' he wants you to come up to the station an' testify for him, 'cos he said that you see'd the whole fuss."

"What will they do to Mr. Catterton?" asked Iola, in dismay at the thought of any danger coming to her friend, and on her account too.

"Oh, nothin', Miss; you kin git him right out of it just by telling what you know," answered Mr. "Jones."

"Shall I have to go to the police-station?" asked Iola.

"Yes, right away, too. Mr. Catterton sent a hack for you. It won't take ten minutes to fix the fuss up all right."

"What shall I do, Mrs. Wiggins?" said Iola, feeling a doubt, despite the words of the stranger.

"Why, go, of course, my dear!" cried the landlady, quickly, no thought of evil entering her mind. "Good gracious! Mr. Catterton is such a nice young man!"

"Yes, ma'am, he's a regular brick!" said Mr. "Jones."

"Can this lady go with me?" asked Iola, still feeling a doubt in her mind.

"In course," cried the detective, quickly; "come along, ma'am."

Assured at last, Iola hurried up-stairs for her hat and cloak, while Mrs. Wiggins rushed hastily for her bonnet and shawl.

"He is in danger, and on my account!" cried Iola, as with trembling hands she threw the cloak over her shoulders; "how good he has been to me!"

Then Iola ran down-stairs—her mind now filled with only one thought, the danger of the "Marquis."

The dusk of the evening was upon the street, and the gas was being lighted in the stores.

Iola and Mrs. Wiggins went out through the door. In the street stood a hack.

"Mr. Brown, my pardner, 's inside, ma'am," said the detective, as he opened the hack door for Iola to enter. She, in the dim light, saw the dark form of a man sitting on the front seat, apparently looking out of the opposite window, for his face was turned from her.

Lightly Iola jumped into the hack. The detective turned to give his hand to Mrs. Wiggins, when the hack suddenly drove on at full speed, and left Mr. "Jones" and Mrs. Wiggins standing on the curbstone.

"Hallo!" shouted the detective, but the hack-driver drove on without looking behind him or paying the slightest attention to the call.

"Well, of all the stupid brutes!" said Mr. "Jones," apparently deeply disgusted.

"Whatever shall we do?" asked Mrs. Wiggins.

"Why, we can walk to the office, ma'am; it's only up in Harlem."

"Harlem! walk to Harlem!" cried the astonished Mrs. Wiggins.

"Why no, of course not. We can take a hoss-car."

"Well, I don't know as there is really any need of my going," said Mrs. Wiggins, thoughtfully.

"I s'pose you'll see that the young lady comes home all safe?"

"Oh, in course," responded the detective, with urbanity, "in course I'll bring her home all right. Don't you worry 'bout that, ma'am. I'm very sorry that you couldn't go, but I'll never employ that brute of a driver ag'in. Good-night, ma'am," and the detective, Mr. "Jones," hastened off.

"Well, I never," muttered Mrs. Wiggins, as she returned, disconsolate, to the house; "the impudence and carelessness of them hack-drivers is wonderful. I don't see how people stands it." And the good lady somewhat relieved her mind by telling the boarders how she was left standing on the pavement; what a real gentleman the detective, Mr. Jones, was, and how sorry he felt that she had been left.

About eight o'clock the door-bell rung. Mrs. Wiggins hastened to answer it, expecting that it was Iola returned. When she opened the door she discovered to her surprise that the person who had rung the bell was Mr. Catterton, and that he was alone.

"Well, I'm glad you've got out!" cried Mrs. Wiggins, with a smile of welcome; "but where is Miss Iola?"

Catterton looked at the lady in amazement.

"Why, how should I know?" he asked.

"Hasn't she come back with you?" asked Mrs. Wiggins, no less astonished than her visitor.

"Come back with me?" exclaimed Catterton; "why no, of course not. How could she?"

Mrs. Wiggins now stared at the young man with wonder. Her first thought was that the "Marquis" had been drinking, but if he had, he showed no signs of it.

"Oh, I see!" cried Mrs. Wiggins, a light breaking in upon her clouded mind. "She's coming in the coach!"

"The coach!" cried Catterton, in amazement.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wiggins, perfectly satisfied that she had hit upon the true solution of the mystery; "but how did you get out, and why didn't you come with Miss Iola?"

"How did I get out?" repeated Catterton, beginning to think that Mrs. Wiggins was slightly insane.

"Yes, and why didn't you come back with Miss Iola?" repeated Mrs. Wiggins.

"I can't understand you!" cried the "Marquis," not able to make sense out of her questions.

"Well, I'm sure I speak plain enough!" exclaimed Mrs. Wiggins, considerably astonished, and beginning to be a little indignant.

"My dear madam!" exclaimed Catterton, plainly seeing that there was a misunderstanding somewhere, "what on earth do you mean by asking me how I got out, and why I didn't come back with Miss Iola?"

"Why, out of the station-house in Harlem!" Mrs. Wiggins felt considerably bewildered.

Catterton felt sure now that Mrs. Wiggins was out of her head.

"I've not been in any station-house in Harlem or anywhere else!" exclaimed the "Marquis." "I haven't been in Harlem for a year."

"Not been in Harlem!" cried Mrs. Wiggins, at the top of her voice.

"No!" exclaimed Catterton, in astonishment.

"Hain't you been arrested?" in the same high key.

"No!"

"Oh, Lor!" and Mrs. Wiggins threw up her hands in dismay.

The loud tone of the conversation had brought the boarders in alarm out of their rooms, and anxious heads were peeping over the stair-railing, curious to discover the meaning of the unusual noise.

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Catterton, for the first time beginning to be alarmed, and having a dim fear that possibly something might have happened to Iola.

"Oh, Lor!" repeated Mrs. Wiggins, half fainting in her excitement; "a gent come as said that his name was Jones and he was a detective officer, an' he asked after Miss Thompson, quite polite like, an' he said as how you had been arrested for 'saultin' somebody, an' she must go right away for a witness, an' she asked me for to go with her, an' we got our things on an' she got into the coach, an' no sooner had she got in, than the coachman—the villain! hanging's too good for him—he drove off an' left me an' the detective, as said his name was Jones, a-standin' on the blessed sidewalk!"

"Is it possible?" cried Catterton, almost bewildered at this sudden blow, for the whole scheme was clear to him in an instant. He saw plainly that Iola had been abducted.

"Possible it is, an' quite correct!" cried Mrs. Wiggins; "an' the gent as said he was a detective, and his name was Jones, was quite polite, an' said he'd bring Miss Iola back all safe."

"This is some mistake," said Catterton. He did not care to enter into particulars, which could do no good and might do mischief. "Some one else has probably been mistaken for me. I'll go and see about it at once."

And Catterton at once departed, leaving the Wiggins household in a state of great excitement.

The "Marquis" knew full well that the abductor of Iola could be no other than English Bill.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 227.)

**Two Girls' Lives:**

OR,  
STRANGELY-CROSSED PATHS.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "LOVE-REVENGE," "GATE-BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LII.  
THE WOLF AT BAY.

IN his room at the country tavern nearest Ellenwood, where he considered it desirable he should wait until affairs assumed a less vague, more tangible form, Mr. Vivian Ulmerstone had been meditating carefully upon the propriety of attempting another visit to the house to see his wife.

He had engaged to meet Lenore that evening again, at the Chapel, and, knowing Lenore and Edna to be under the same roof, was it prudent in him to venture, and with so little hope to encourage him?

He had decided to risk the game for the candle; in other words, to risk the chance of meeting Mrs. Carlingford very awkwardly, when paying his devoirs to the only lady in the world entitled to, and at the same time detesting, them.

However, knowing very well the strict etiquette observed in houses like Ellenwood, he knew that the callers for one member of the family were not usually interfered with by others. He would undoubtedly be shown to Edna's reception-room, see her alone—he took that for granted, obviously—and would take his leave as he came.

He was very determined that Edna should be brought to terms; he was decided as to what he should say to her, what arguments to use, what threats to make. He would not detain her long, he knew.

But, granting that he unluckily *did* run foul of Mrs. Carlingford—he could afford to lose her affection now, so long as he intended bidding her adieu at the Chapel, that very night. So it was just ten in the morning, when he walked leisurely up to the front entrance, and inquired of the footman for Edna.

It must be confessed he did not feel so brave as he thought he would, when he was once in the very heart of the enemy's camp. It was a rather more trying affair than he thought it would be, to literally be under the same roof with his wife, his sweetheart, her rescuer and her husband, every one of whom were naturally his enemies.

But there he was, and there they were; and he was bound to remain in his present quarters until the interview was over.

He did not dread the interview in the least; he was sitting very coolly and coolly by a shady window, when Edna entered, cold, haughty, almost indignant.

Without waiting for his greeting, she addressed him pointedly.

"Until I reached the door, I had no intimation who it was that awaited me. Having learned, you will excuse me at once, I can have nothing further to say to you whatever."

He had arisen and bowed while she spoke, in her sweet, clear tones, that cut him to the very quick. He would not let her see, however, the immense advantage she had over him.

"I beg you will not be so unkind; I assure you I came with the most pardonable motives."

"Which will be of no avail. Any further

communications can be made to my father, to whom I refer you."

Her father!—how very singular he had forgotten she had a father; or, say—had she not distinctly told him she had no parents? What could she possibly mean?

He looked at her incredulously.

"Your father? Certainly, I shall be most happy to meet any of my honored relatives by marriage."

Edna almost smiled at his endless audacity.

"He will scarcely appreciate the honor, I think," she said, quietly. "However, I will send for him."

She walked, with her queenly step, to the speaking-tube and addressed some one; very soon, footsteps approaching denoted a new presence, and then, in all his serene grandeur, his grand nobility of manner, Mr. Carlingford entered the library.

He looked at Fay—at Edna; then more severely at Fay again.

"Fapa, this is the man of whom we have been speaking. His name is Garnett Fay."

Fay bit his lips furiously. He could have threatened Edna for her patronizing, one-sided politeness; but, between perfect wild amazement to realize that his wife was the daughter of the husband of the woman he was making such base love to, he managed to bow, and murmur some inaudible words of acknowledgment.

Mr. Carlingford at once drew his chair to the table, opened his ponderous memorandum-book, and looked very oppressively like business.

He turned to Edna, protectingly.

"Sit down, my daughter. I wish you to hear every word that passes. Sir," to Garnett, "see, seeing affairs approaching a crisis, grew bold almost to insolence, at once; 'you will be seated.' If you please, while we arrange a few preliminary affairs."

Garnett bowed haughtily, and seated himself disdainfully, his legs crossed, and his handsome head thrown defiantly back.

"You claim Edna Carlingford as your lawful wife, I understand? You were married when, where, by whom?"

Mr. Carlingford put the question slowly, gravely.

"I certainly claim her—or Edna Silvester, as I knew her, now Fay, as my legal wife, according to an act of marriage performed at Sunset View, on Tuesday, the eighth of November, of the past autumn."

He spoke with a truthful precision that sent the blood receding from Edna's face. Garnett observed it and triumphed.

"Before I demand the proof—your marriage certificate—I will state for your benefit, sir, that the marriage can be made null and void from the facts that, at the date of the marriage, Edna Silvester was a minor in age; that she has received no support from you, directly or indirectly; that she is not and never was Edna Silvester."

Garnett felt his heart sink. Not so much at the array of facts, as at the implied hint regarding the certificate, which he knew was no forthcoming.

And until these points are settled in a divorce-court, you will be so kind as to establish a counter-claim by producing the certificate, which, by the way, most men of honor would have assigned to their bride."

Garnett winced under the thrust.

"The certificate? really, I cannot lay my hand on it at once. It is among my papers at my hotel, safe enough. I supposed a gentleman's word was enough, especially when admitted by his wife to be true."

Mr. Carlingford smiled.

"It is not enough. Is that all you wish to see me about? Oh, come in, Mr. Audrey, of course," he added, in a friendly by-play to Oberdon, who crossed the open door. "It will be no intrusion; I shall be happy to offer you a glimpse of the gentleman who claims to be my son-in-law. Mr. Garnett Fay."

As Audrey crossed the threshold Fay sprang to his feet, his eyes full of the desperate fire that is in an animal suddenly brought to bay.

Audrey paused, stared, looked in speechless astonishment at Fay, at Edna, then turning to Mr. Carlingford, in a voice thick with fury, said:

"Mr. Fay, you call him? I have met him before, when his name was Vivian Ulmerstone."

The announcement was thrillingly awful. At sound of the name Mr. Carlingford sprang from his seat as if he had received an electric shock; while Edna, with a shrill cry, sat rigid as a rock, with wide eyes, and parted lips that refused to express the horror she felt.

"Vivian Ulmerstone! this man is Vivian Ulmerstone!"

Mr. Carlingford uttered the words from between his set teeth, and advanced a step nearer Ulmerstone, who cast at him an insolently defiant smile, without speaking. Oberdon, Audrey stood his ground, quiet, positive.

"It is the same man from whom Mrs. Carlingford was rescued—whom she called Vivian. You know the story, Mr. Carlingford; you insisted on its rectitude."

Mr. Carlingford stood looking at Ulmerstone with a fascination one might experience toward a rattlesnake. His handsome, snow-white beard such a grand, mute reproach to the younger man who had despoiled and desecrated his hearth; his fine eyes, from which radiated a perfect flame of righteous wrath, of scornful, pitiless contempt.

"So you are the villain, double-dyed, are you? You, the less than man, who, not content with my daughter, must needs trifle with my wife? You are Mr. Garnett Fay, alias Mr. Vivian Ulmerstone! the desecrator of all a true man holds sacred, the sneaking vagabond who hides under two names deeds too foul to endure the sunlight! My daughter, and he dropped his sarcastic tones as by magic, as he turned to address her, "thank Heaven you have met with such a deliverance."

She was terribly excited and nervous, and clung tremulously to Mr. Carlingford's arm, while Audrey stood near her.

Garnett Fay never moved an inch from his position. He had listened with a proud smile, as though his misdemeanors were triumphs in which to glory; and now, he was watching Edna and Oberdon with a dawning hatred.

"I've no doubt it is extremely pleasant for you, sir, liar and adventurer that you are, to play the lover to my wife, but—"

Mr. Carlingford interrupted him in thunder tones:

"Never presume to call my daughter your wife again! and apologize at once to Mr. Audrey for the base insult you have offered him, my guest, in my house!"

Fay sneered pointedly.

"Beg his pardon! Pray, what better is he than I? Point to me the difference in my being in love with *your* wife, (which I admit, and boast she cares for me as well)—or *he*, the scoundrel! in love with *my* wife!"

Mr. Carlingford caught him by the coat-collar, with the grip of a giant, in whose hands Fay was a very infant. He shook him, as a cat shakes a mouse; then walked him across the floor, his face pale with wrath, his eyes blazing with contempt; down the stairs, through the hall, out the grand entrance, and then, with more force than feeling, down the steps, into the grounds.

Once free from the vise like grip under which he was so powerless, Ulmerstone—we call him so from force of habit—turned and faced Mr. Carlingford, with a perfect fury, demoniacal in its fierceness, on his pale, set features.

"Before the sun goes down, you and yours shall repent of this!"

And he walked away; the man who had run nearly the full length of his rope. Before sundown!

And he glanced up at the zenith, where the orb was shining amid the soft blue.

Before sunset!

CHAPTER LIII.  
A WILD GOOD-BY.

IN peaceful ignorance of the stormily exciting scene enacting in the library almost directly opposite her room door, Lenore Carlingford sat in her low rocking-chair, resting her hot head in Mrs. Saxton's hands, and wishing, watching—all for the early night shades to gather, when she should see her lover again.

She had no conversation with Mr. Carlingford since the evening before. She had met him at breakfast, and found him attentive, courteous as usual, but she was distinctly made to feel that an insurmountable barrier was grown between them, never, never to be passed.

She had sipped a spoonful of coffee, and trifled with a tidbit of veal croquet on her plate while she sat at the table and listened to the low, pleasant voices of her family and guests. Though she was appetiteless, and weak, and feverish, she doggedly kept her place behind the coffee urn, resolved that Mr. Carlingford should not know she had augmented her illness by her imprudence.

Notwithstanding which undeniable fact, she was determined to keep her appointment again on this evening, if she died for it.

She had retired to her room directly breakfast was over, and her mother had gone with her, both of them entirely ignorant of the direction affairs had taken; at one o'clock lunch was served in Mrs. Carlingford's room; at two Mrs. Saxton and her husband took the return train to New York, little thinking it was—

But it is best not to anticipate.

Lenore, thus left alone with Jasmine, slowly made her toilette—a black grenadine that contrasted vividly with her crimson cheeks and gloomy, flashing eyes. Jasmine knotted a gay Roman sash around her slender waist, clasped a string of gold beads around her throat, and heavy bracelets on her round wrists.

In her coal-black hair Lenore twined a scarlet rose, with its glossy dark-green leaves; and thus arrayed, so suitably, in the meaning colors—flame and darkness, that she little recked were ordained for her to wear by the fingers of the Furies themselves—she sat down, patient to stoicism, expectant to delirious hopefulness, to wait while the hours rolled around.

And sooner far than she expected, she went forth to meet him; when she was waiting, in her forlornly patient way, a note was left with a servant for her, and no one but her.

With feverish fingers she tore it open, the dainty monogrammed envelope that bore his beloved handwriting, and read the briefest note:

"Come at once; same place; pressing importance."

There was no need of signature; no need of more definite request. In all the wide world but one human being wanted her—Vivian Ulmerstone; in all the fair face of earth there was but one spot to her—the "Chapel" near the Linden path.

"At once," she grasped her wrap, a costly Indian shawl, gorgeous as a forest in early frost-time. She wrapped it, with the native grace of an Italian woman, in a fanciful fold around her queenly head, and caught it over her arm.

She walked down the grand entrance, and even lingered a moment on the high piazza, looking out between the double row of Corinthian columns on the glorious reach of landscape that lay smiling in the summer sun-light.

It was nearing dusk—it was an hour yet above the sunset, and the peaceful calm that precedes the day's decline had fallen, like a golden shadow, on the earth.

The air was filled with the scents of closing buds and sweet-breathed grasses, heavy with the riotous perfume that almost seemed fainting with its burden of languor.

The time, the scene, were ineffably fair; and Lenore, with a quick sobbing breath wondered why all things could be given so beautifully—except the one love that would have made a Paradise of a spot far less favored than Ellenwood!

She walked down the flower-bordered paths, into the grand old park, where the statuary gleamed among the trees, where the fountains threw high in the air their thousand tiny jets, where the sunshine glinted slantwise through the leafy canopy to the close-cut turf grass beneath.

Deeper into the shadows she went, her heavy silk dress trailing its black shadow over the cool ground; nearer and nearer the spot where Lady Augusta—Edna's girl-mother, wasn't it strange!—lay sleeping her last sleep; where, like a breathing portrait, handsome, graceful, noble—to her deluded vision—Vivian Ulmerstone was awaiting her.

She sprang forward with a glad cry of welcome, then started back in surprise at his haggard face, his wild eyes.

"Oh, Vivian, what has happened?"

The words trembled on her lips, but he laughed scornfully at them.

"Nothing has happened, only—I sent to bid you good-by."

"Good-by! good-by!" she gasped, with white lips.

"I must go. It is best, and you will think so too when I am once away. Of what avail is it that I stay? what are you to me, you, Mrs. Carlingford of Ellenwood?"

"Good-by!"

She repeated the word mechanically, as if the sound of it fascinated her, and dulled her ear to any other word.

"Does it hurt your tender heart so? I know it seems terrible to contemplate, but it must be."

He was caressing her icy-cold hands.

"And suns must rise and set, and months come and go, and life must be endured without you! Oh, Vivian, Vivian!"

She snatched his hands and pressed them to her lips, raining hot kisses on them. And he—had a mocking smile in his eyes as he thought this woman's husband had collared him that selfsame day.

"We will think of each other, my darling; and every night, when the stars come out, hold spirit intercourse that shall reunite us, though oceans of space divide us. My love, it is hard to say good-by; but I must say it. You will kiss me, a last time, my darling?"

She clung to him in terror.

"So soon? You are cruel! you

## PAT'S LOVE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Och hone, and it's Biddy McClooney  
For whom me sowl is disazed,  
And the heart in me head is grown looney,  
And the brains in me bosom is crazed,  
I have lost all me love for pertities—  
My affliction for inyuns and pork,  
For she is the finest of ladies  
That walks on the State of Ne' York.

Me life with her worship runs over,  
Like a hod full of mortar; I'm sick;  
And me moments with mineries of her  
Are as full as a hod full of brick.  
I think of her always and longer,  
From night until morning, and back;  
My love than good whiskey is stronger,  
And burdens me down like a pack.

Her mouth is so sweet, and her kisses  
Are the rarest and best of the sort;  
And her voice, when she's washing the dishes,  
Makes me jump like the cry of "More mort."  
Her hair is as red as the raven's,  
And faith don't I worship the same  
When 'tis curled just like carpenter's shavings,  
Or I see 't in the butter or crame!

Her eyes when she's mad they are fish,  
And had they a voice they could speak,  
She'd be the best of her sex, and that's Irish,  
And she's thirty almost to a week.  
She can take her own part at the table  
In a way that could never be bate,  
And I wish 'twas myself that was able  
To buy all the victuals she'd ate.

She has sworn on a stack of pertities  
Some day to be mine she'd consent;  
And shure as me name is O'Grades  
If she should change her intent  
I would grow to the weight of a shadder,  
And hardly know what I was at;  
I'd drop from a six-story ladder,  
And make it the last of poor Pat.

Camp and Canoe;  
OR,  
LIFE IN THE CANADA WILDS.

BY C. D. CLARK.

## VIII.—THE EAGLE'S NEST.

DAN, in his own natural infirmity, was always able to bring grief enough upon his head; but, when aided and abetted by Lyme Dewitt, he was capable of far greater foolishness. Lyme was always open to persuasion; any enterprise, which at the first blush seemed desperate and rash, changed as Dan's golden tongue talked about it, and, oblivious to the fact that he had barely escaped with his life the night before, and that his first lonely hunt had not resulted well in a financial point of view, he now contemplated greater deeds, and looked for new worlds to conquer. Ever since we had watched the counter of the eagle and fish-hawk, he had been bothering Fatty Brown with questions about eagles and their habits, and the old man had answered his questions, in the kind way natural to him.

For some days we hunted and fished about the banks of the lake, bringing in noble spoils, and waiting for the time when, by hunters' law, deer would be in season. We had noble sport with partridge, grouse, foxes, and the denizens of the lakes and streams. One day, as our canoes lay in a little sheltered bay, at the mouth of a nameless creek, and we were snapping the trout out of their watery beds at a great rate, our old guide saw the same pair of eagles which we had noticed a few days before, hovering over our heads, their broad wings beating the air slowly, as they floated lazily through the clear ether. A moment more, and the female bird stooped, and alighted half-way up the face of a bold cliff, which rose to a height of two hundred and fifty feet above the water. The face of the cliff was broken by irregular shelves here and there, which looked like seams upon its face, from the place where we sat.

"They nest up there," said Brown. "I'll bet any man a new bowie that there is a big nest on that ledge, and if I wasn't so old and fat I'd have the young birds, too. I used to have an eagle, and he lived ten years, and was the cunningest old chap you ever see. I'd like to train another if I only had the chance."

Nothing more was said, but I noticed an eager look upon Dan's face, and he again began to talk about eagles and their habits. We went back to camp with half a boat-load of noble trout and feasted royally; but, Dan was not easy, and could talk of nothing except eagles. Even after Fatty got out his violin and was playing his sweetest airs, this abandoned miscreant would interrupt him to ask if eagles were very ugly, when any one attempted to rob their nests.

"You try it on once!" was the suggestive reply of the old guide. "I've known of such a thing as their killing a man who was trying to rob them. Anyway, I'd as soon be kicked by a mule as have an eagle get a fair crack at me. And, see here: when I get out my fiddle and begin to play, I don't want no foolishness, nor I won't stand it, either. You shut up, Dan."

"Oh, go away, Dan!" was the universal chorus. "Don't force us to put you in the water. Try that piece over again, Brown."

So Fatty commenced again, and never man handled a bow to compare with him. We had planned an excursion to the north shore of the lake, where the ducks were said to congregate at this season, and the "butter-balls" were just coming on. We went to our blankets early, and after a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast, prepared for business, when, to our surprise, neither Dan nor Lyme wanted to go. Persuasion was of no use whatever. They would not go.

"You two are up to some deviltry, my boys," said Fatty. "I don't know what it is, and I reckon you won't tell me, but I will say this: you don't know the ways of the woods as well as I do, and you'd do better to stick by the guides. Will you come up the lake and hunt butter-balls? There's 'canvas' backs, too; and black duck—only think what you are losing."

"I'm too tired," said Dan, yawning. "You'd better let us alone, you old dignitary; come, let us go on it."

"Will you go, Lyme?" pleaded Fatty.

"I can't leave Dan," replied Lyme. "We'll take care of ourselves, old man."

"We'll bury you decently when we come back," said Brown. "Come along, boys; it's no use talking to them."

We got the fowling-pieces into the canoes, and then Pete Jr. offered to stay with them, but his services were declined in the most pointed manner. We were hardly well away from the point, when we saw them making active preparations for departure, bent upon some expedition which had its origin in the fertile brain of Printer Dan.

Their preparations were simple, and consisted in getting out a coil of rope which Lyme slung over his shoulder, an ax which Dan carried, and a pair of treacherous-looking sticks to the shore of the lake closely, so as not to lose their way. Dan led along the shore toward the cliff where they had seen the eagle's nest. Half an hour later the two were perched upon the top of the cliff, watching the flight of the royal birds, sailing above them. At length,

seeming satisfied that all was right, the pair took flight and were soon mere black specks in the distance.

"Now is our time," said Dan. "That blamed Fatty made me a little shaky by talking about the way the eagles killed a man, somewhere, and I'm mighty glad they are out of the way. Let's make the rope fast."

Fifty feet down the cliff they could see a bunch of sticks projecting from the ledge, and knew that this must be the nest of the eagle. Did it contain young birds? Of course it was impossible to say with any certainty, but it was highly probable, as the birds had carried the fish to their eyrie, after robbing the hawks. The rope they had brought was a stout one, nearly eighty feet in length, and, after fastening one end securely to a small mountain pine, Dan threw the other end over the cliff. Then, dinging a basket over his shoulder, he prepared to descend.

"Now you watch out, Lyme," he said, "and if you see the old 'uns coming back, sing out to me."

Lyme promised, and Dan, getting a firm clutch on the rope, below the place where it touched the rocks, swung himself over—and began his descent. Lyme lay down on his face, peering down at him fixedly, forgetting all about the old birds, in his interest in Dan's proceedings. As Printer Dan had lived in a seaport town all his life, he was something of a sailor, and knew how to go down a rope. Lyme watched him breathlessly until he landed safely upon the ledge, and took the basket from his back. He disappeared for a moment beneath the shelving rocks, and the next moment his victorious whoop was heard.

"What luck!" roared Lyme.

"Bully! Two young birds."

The screams of the young eagles were heard as Dan hastened to secure them, and place them in the basket, preparatory to being hauled up by Lyme. While thus engaged, the screams of the young eaglets had borne fruit. Two black spots were falling like meteors from the sky, but neither Dan nor Lyme took note of this; they were too busy in getting ready to haul up the young birds. There came a rushing sound, and Dan threw up his arm to shield his head against the rush of the male



Little Lola—"That's her!" said Bill, savagely.

eagle, which, with a wild scream, suddenly assailed him, dashing him back against the rocks. Catching up a fragment of rock, he hurled it at the bird with all his power, and shouted to Lyme to throw him a club. But Lyme had other work upon his hands, for the female bird, rightly judging him to be a party to the assault upon their home, had attacked him vigorously. Lyme caught up the ax and repelled the attack as well as he could, striking now with the edge and then with the helve, whenever the fierce bird made a new attack. But, armed as he was, it was all he could do to keep off his assailant, without giving any aid to Dan, who, weaponless, was waging war with the male bird below—and having a bitter time of it! If he tried to drag a stick out of the nest, he exposed his head to the talons and beak of the enemy. Wheeling in and out near the rocky wall, darting rapidly to the right hand or the left, eluding his blows skillfully, and watching an opportunity to attack, while sharp screams of rage announced his fury—the mad eagle kept at work. Dan shouted again and again to Lyme, but he was calling to a man who had his hands full—and something more!

Dan's scalp already displayed two or three long, irregular cuts, inflicted by the talons of the eagle, and he began to despair. His hands were cut and bleeding in a dozen places, and he was getting bewildered. On came the savage bird again, and he was beaten to his knees. He struggled up and hurled a stone feebly at his adversary, which struck him on the breast and turned him back, but only for a moment, for he came on again with a defiant scream. Dan had no strength to resist, and could only lift his bleeding hands to guard his head, when a rifle cracked, and the eagle fell upon him—shot through the heart! And, far below, rock-rolling in his canoe, sat Fatty Brown, with his rifle across his knees. Dan saw this only, and fell exhausted on the rocks, just as Lyme buried his ax to the helve in the breast of his enemy, and the war-whoop of Fatty Brown was heard echoing along the silent lake.

The old guide ascended the rocks, and assisted Lyme in hauling Dan up from the ledge. He walked down to the canoe in moody silence, refusing to look at the basket which Lyme carried on his arm. He was no longer interested in eagles—but, if any one will take the trouble to walk into Will Seaton's studio, he will see two bald-headed eagles facing each other upon the wall. They were the two who died in defending their young, on the face of the lofty cliff.

NOTHING tends to endear the memory of a great man to his surviving friends, as the fact that he left a vacant seat to be filled by one of them.

## How He Came to Marry Her.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

DEYO ESTERLY'S proud, mocking, gray eyes had looked upon the snows of twenty-eight winters and the verdure of as many summers; moreover, they had feasted upon the fairest scenes and faces of the hemispheres. And, lastly, their owner had returned to his American home with luxuriant whiskers, face bronzed by travel, and a *soupcou d'ennui* in his courtly manners, called here by the sudden death of his surviving parent and his consequent inheritance of much wealth. Gracefully he accepted the fortune Fate threw to his hands, and leisurely set himself the task of seeking a woman fitted to share it.

He was tired of travel, and was the last of a proud, wealthy family, and it seemed good to him that he should set up an establishment in keeping with his name and station. But he did not mean to hurry matters; he had an ideal that he must find, and, finding, should marry. During ten years of wandering, and flirting, and mad enjoyment, when he had left an image of his stately form and handsome face seared upon many a woman's heart, he had been fashioning her, the woman that he meant one day to marry.

She must be a creamy-hued, passionate-eyed woman of some southern land; he hated fair, cold Saxon beauty. But, while this ideal of his must have the passion of southern nights in her eyes, the heat of southern climes in her veins, the fire of southern skies in her heart, she must be marble in manners, high-born, haughty, and hard to win. Brilliant, successful Deyo Esterly had a fair share of his sex's conceit, and it never occurred to him that he could fail to conquer any woman's heart.

So he waited for his star to shine upon him, and lived, meanwhile, a life of blissful leisure; and enjoyed himself to the full, from his delicate twelve o'clock breakfasts to the sunrises when he sought dreamland behind the folds of silken curtains, after nights of music, and dancing, and excitement, and love-making. For, despite his resolve to marry only the ideal he had portrayed, he did not hesitate to play

gem of a cottage, and met Mrs. Tremere, Hugo's gentle widowed sister-in-law, her rolicking little cubs, and Sydney Carhassie.

"Walk into my parlor," Esterly, and make yourself as miserable as you please, while I hunt up Ruthie and some servants. It is evident my telegram hasn't arrived. These little fishing hamlets are beastly places to reach with communications from the outer world."

Deyo threw open the door to the airy little saloon—with its wind-tossed laces, its bamboo matting and furniture, and velvet rugs, and stands of foliage and books, and surprised Sydney Carhassie running her fingers lightly over the piano and humming a tune.

"Do not, I beg of you, let me interrupt you; I should be delighted to hear you sing," he said, as Miss Carhassie started at the entrance of a stranger.

"Oh! no, you would not," she laughed, gayly, swiftly, and gracefully arranging a chair for him, and throwing herself, with natively careless abandon, into a low rocker opposite. "In voice I'm not even a rival of the frogs one generally hears in the country of a night. If I could sing *one piece*, Yankee Doodle or a Te Deum, I should try to delight you."

Deyo was spared the necessity of an answer to this young lady—whom he considered decidedly "bad style" in beauty and manners—by the appearance of Hugo and Mrs. Tremere.

"My sister, Mrs. Tremere, Deyo, Ruthie, this is my old chum of Heidelberg, Deyo Esterly."

"Whom I am delighted to meet," and then "Gentlemen, my cousin, Miss Carhassie."

Sydney bowed, and Mrs. Tremere continued.

"I'm so annoyed that we failed to receive your telegram, for I could have sent the carriage over to Hastings and saved you the horrid ride and walk. Hugo, you know your room is kept sacred for you; will you kindly show Mr. Esterly to the one adjoining it, while I order lunch?"

The gentlemen came down to the coolest of dining-rooms, and the most delicious of lunches, which Sydney Carhassie enlivened by her comic speeches, her genuine, rippling fun,

away, and no one at Storm-view hinted of leaving it.

A warm July twilight found Deyo Esterly and Sydney in a sail-boat upon the bay. Very suddenly, it seemed to the two, the heavens gathered blackness, the lightning shivered, the thunder crashed, and the waves surged angrily, gleaming with phosphorescent light. In that hour of danger Deyo Esterly learned, when his arms went around Syd's slight form, and the generally cool girl resigned herself to his protecting clasp, that the wild fever that suddenly rioted in his veins was a passion more torrid, more real, more unquenchable, than aught he had ever known before; and it forced words to his lips that remembrance of other vows should have restrained.

If Sydney was a blonde, and had none of the reposeful manners that fastidious Mr. Esterly's ideal had, she was a girl who, having once won love, had the rare gift of holding its ardor uncooled, indeed of constantly intensifying it. July faded to August, Deyo living in a delirium of blissful intoxication that he knew was the result of the passion he had affected to disbelieve; then other visitors came to Storm-view.

One morning, upon the sands, Sydney heard some light gossip which brought her a revelation. Deyo found her there, alone, a minute later.

"Syd—Great heavens! what has happened? Love, my love, what is it?"

She was white as the up-flung foam, and her eyes met his—all mischievousness, all tenderness gone—gleaming scornfully, convulsively.

"Deyo, is it true that you were engaged when you came here?"

The change in his face answered her, and she continued:

"How mistaken I have been in one whom I thought noble!"

"Sydney," he said, hotly yet sternly, "you shall not speak so, and he caught her in his arms, holding her closely and speaking with more earnestness than he had ever felt before in all his gay, untroubled life. "I was engaged, but I did not love, nor even believe in love. You have taught me its reality, therefore I hold no other claim upon me binding."

She put up her hand, and entangled it amid his luxuriant whiskers, and pushed his bronze hair away from his brow, and drew it lovingly across his face, all the time steadying herself for something she had to say. Then she spoke calmly, resolutely, with tones that admitted no protest:

"You are wrong, Deyo. You engaged yourself knowingly, freely, and have no right to make another suffer the consequences. You must marry Miss Wortendyke. Good-by."

She sped away over the sands, and at dinner Mrs. Tremere announced that Miss Carhassie had returned to the city.

Deyo Esterly realized each day how intensely he had loved, and knew that the future held no happiness for him unless Sydney Carhassie shared it. Yet pride was strong within him, and Sydney's decree exposed him to a powerful temptation. In a few weeks would come back magnificent Irma Wortendyke, and Deyo could not help thinking how really she would reign in the splendid, ancestral home of the Esterlys. Should he relinquish his long-sought ideal, and put in her stead wild Sydney Carhassie?

But Deyo Esterly—if supercilious and proud—was a true man at heart, and he resolved to tell Irma the truth and wed the woman he loved. In the mean time he did not seek Sydney; he was so sure of her love, and her strength, he could afford to wait until he could seek her to claim her as his wife. But one day he was near Storm-view, and there came a sudden desire to call on Mrs. Tremere and thus hear some little word of the girl he meant so soon to honor with a gift of life and name.

Mrs. Tremere was out driving, a servant announced, so Deyo wandered over to the cliff and threw himself down on the short, crisp grass. He slept there, and dreamed. Was he dreaming still that Sydney Carhassie's voice floated softly up to him?

"Yes, Hugo, I did nearly lose my heart with Deyo Esterly, and now that I so freely confess it, do you still wish me to promise?"

"Indeed I do, Syd! Deyo can never be any thing to you; I can and will be every thing; and in my love you will find forgetfulness, and, I hope, contentment. If I am so anxious to take the risk of finding, in marriage with you, perfect joy, surely you will not decree it otherwise!"

The answer did not reach Deyo, as he lay there with a pain at his heart. So Syd could not trust to his faithfulness, and was letting Hugo woo her. Well, he would settle affairs to-night; and he mentally blessed the kind fortune that had sent him there ere his love was irretrievably lost to him. Slowly he went back to the cottage, where Mrs. Tremere gave him a gracious welcome.

"Hugo and Sydney are here, Mr. Esterly. I think Storm-view is a decided magnet this season." She took out her watch. "Quite dinner-time; those truant ought to be in from their sail by this time."

So Deyo thought; but half an hour, three-quarters, nearly an hour elapsed before they returned. Mrs. Tremere and Deyo had dined, and were sitting upon the veranda in the soft-falling eventide, as the two came up the walk.

"You naughty girl and boy! and here is Mr. Esterly!" exclaimed Ruthie.

They were upon the steps now, near enough for Deyo to see the pallor that settled upon Sydney's face creeping even over the scarlet line of her lips. A pallor mated by that on his own face a moment later.

"Deyo, you here, old fellow! Awfully glad to see you. Ruthie, Esterly, allow me to present my wife to you, Mrs. Hugo Tremere."

The tide of scarlet rolled back over Sydney's face, her eyes gleamed, and her lips were sternly set, as she kissed Mrs. Tremere and gave her hand to Deyo; and in the twilight the party sat and talked in the calm fashion that well-bred people never lose, though there was death in two hearts despite their painful throbbing. They went in late, Sydney and Deyo passing through the doorway last and together.

"You have slain a love to-night and buried it!" Esterly said, low and intensely. "I thought you could trust me through the few weeks that I must wait to come back to you free."

"God help you, and forgive me!" she whispored.

That was all. Such dramas often end in a lifetime of regret.

Deyo Esterly meets the Tremeres in society, and his ideal, Irma Wortendyke, now his wife, is on visiting terms with Sydney. And, perhaps, the stately Mrs. Esterly is the happiest, in her ignorance, of the four.

"NONE knew him but to trust him, nor named him but to dun," is the pathetic sentence with which a Delaware merchant closes an advertisement for a missing customer.